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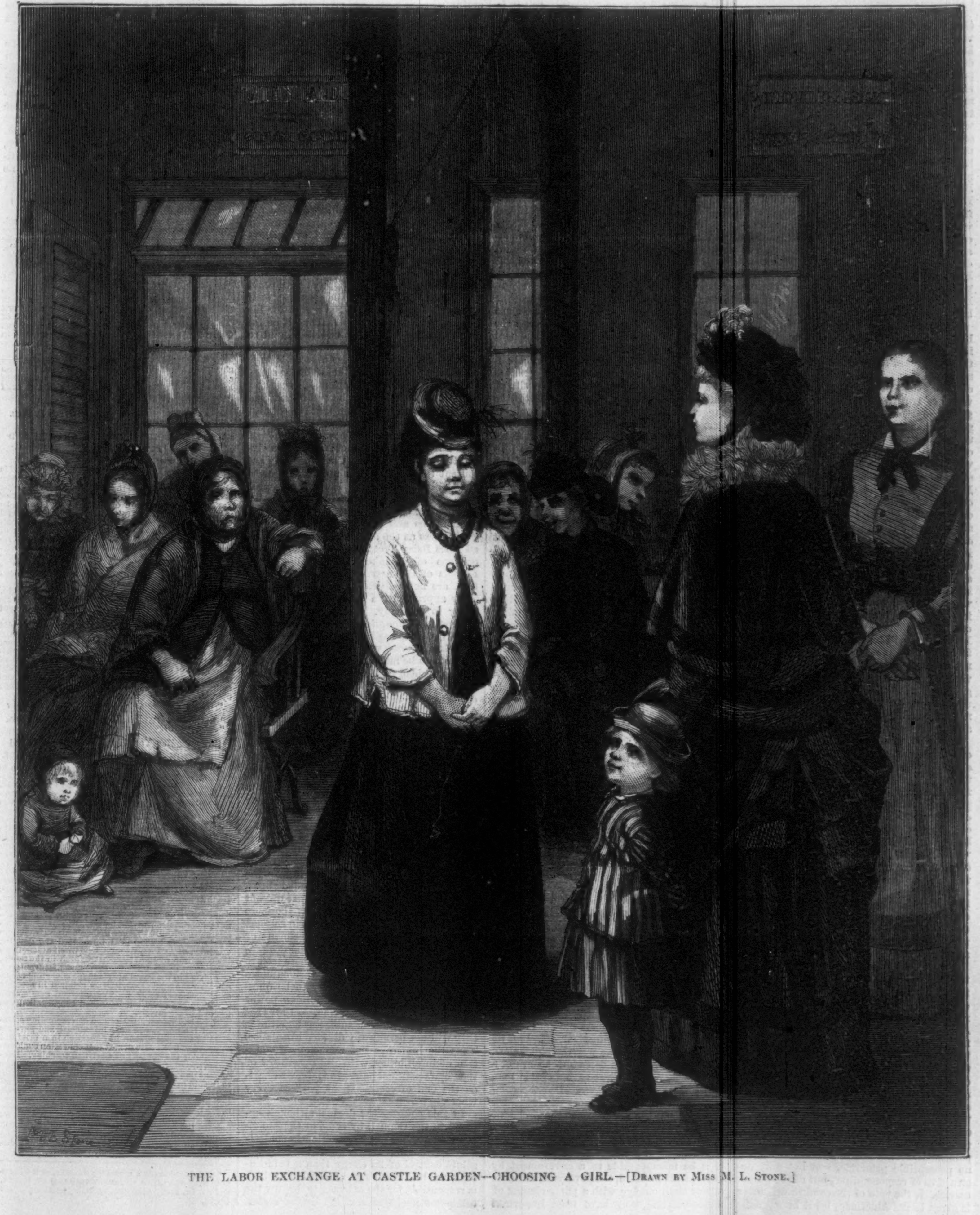

THE LABOR EXCHANGE AT CASTLE GARDEN—CHOOSING A GIRL.—[DRAWN BY MISS M. L. STONE.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 25, 1873.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously an Eight-page Supplement, containing a further installment of

"MIDDLEMARCH,"

which will bring the work near its conclusion.

## THE REFORM GOVERNOR AND MAYOR.

THREE years ago William M. Tweed was master of the State of New York. The Governor was his agent. The Legislature was his slave. Judges decreed his will for law. Yet he was merely a captain of banditti, who, with his gang, had adroitly taken possession of the treasury, and who taxed the people for his own profit and aggrandizement. It was one of the most monstrous spectacles of modern political history. Tweed was one of the men whose smiling and unscrupulous knavery destroys faith in human nature, and the absolute ascendency which he had acquired shook the confidence of wise men in the permanence of the government. But to-day the bandit is at the bar of justice. His fellow-conspirators have been driven from their prey by a whirlwind of popular wrath. The places in which they plundered the public are filled by the most honorable and able men. Tweed's Governor is dismissed to the charity of forgetfulness. His judges are forever disgraced and incapacitated. The Tammany Ring, with the Democratic party which sustained it, has been broken and hopelessly baffled.

The relief of the community without a bloody convulsion was marvelous. Yet it is only now fully rounded and completed by the messages of the reform Governor and the reform Mayor. Both of them speak of the events of the last few years with all the severity of truth; and the tone of both messages, simple, dignified, and clear, assures the people that the chief executive officers of the State and of the city are wholly in accord with each other and with the popular will. The Republican party is thus, as it should be, seen to be the party of reform. Its opportunity and its responsibility are commensurate. And the character of Speaker Cornell, of the Assembly, gives great significance to the plain words in which he expressed his perception of this truth. Nor is the election of ex-Senator O'Donnell as clerk of the Assembly the least encouraging of the good signs. He is a man whose ability and integrity are known to the State, and whose acceptance of the office is a public service. The opportunity and the responsibility of the situation are great. The action of the Legislature will be closely watched; and if it fails to enforce by law the generally admirable suggestions of the Governor, and in the case of the city of New York if it disregards the wise views of the Mayor, founded upon great experience and knowledge in municipal affairs, it will be held to a strict account.

It has been foolishly objected to the Mayor's message that as he and the Council were elected under the Tweed charter, he ought to be silent about it! On the contrary, his first and most imperative duty was to do precisely what he did—to expose the snares of that instrument, and to show that the efficiency which the people demanded by his election is impracticable under a system which was designed to make the Mayor the slave of other city officers. The one thing that the people now plainly require is official responsibility. The way to begin to secure it under our system is evident. The Governor and the Mayor agree that the heads of the departments must be virtually subject to the Mayor, and the Mayor must be removable by the Governor.

We do not see the wisdom of the proposal that the heads of departments should be confirmed by the Board of Aldermen, if, in case of long disagreement, the final decision is to rest with the Mayor and the President of the Aldermen. The reason for giving the Aldermen a confirming power is that they may veto improper nominations. But to permit their veto to be destroyed by the persistence of the Mayor is unreasonable. If he will make bad nominations, he will certainly persist in them when he knows that persistence will leave the choice to him and another officer. And if he and the other officer fail to agree, there is apparently to be no appointment. This is a provision based upon no perceptible principle, and not only destructive of responsibility, but of the public service. If the veto of the confirming power is given to the Aldermen, let it be unqualified, as it is in the Senate of the United States.

The system of city commissions appointed by the Governor is abandoned by mutual consent. It was originally devised and desired by intelligent men of both parties, and is but a reminiscence of the appointment of Mayor by the Governor. But there is a conviction that it has failed, and the universal tendency is to return to the system of local election and appointment. This is not unnatural after the experience of two years, which has shown that it is possible even in New York to reform the government both radically and peacefully. The doubt of this possibility was the real strength of the Legislative commission system. But if strict party lines are to be drawn in municipal elections, it is not easy to see how the escape from the abyss of the last few years is to be made permanent. To avoid those lines, however, without a sensible civil service reform will be very difficult. And it is another of the strong arguments for that improvement that it will make the good government of great cities much easier, by combining the intelligent and the industrious against those who are not so.

The State of New York begins the political year under the most promising auspices; and every man who believes in freedom and popular institutions will take fresh courage.

## ANOTHER FALLACY.

An ingenious and popular objection to a reform of the civil service is that it depends merely upon the pleasure of the President, and has, therefore, no permanence. If the Republicans, say the objectors, adopt a system which admits Democrats, the Democrats, if they should come into power, would snap their fingers at the whole scheme, and turn out every Republican they could lay hands on, while the Democrats already in office would work to help the overthrow of the Republicans, and to bring their friends into power. Let us wait, therefore, say the objectors, until we can put an amendment into the Constitution securing the reform by binding all parties. Undoubtedly a constitutional amendment which would promise to secure the country against the evils of patronage would be very useful. But if the suggestion is seriously made, the reply is that such an amendment would imply a powerful public opinion in favor of the reform. And how is that opinion to be produced so surely as by the spectacle of the relief afforded to our politics by the practice of the better system?

Those who have faith in the principles of our government know that when the country sees that a system is sound, economical, and advantageous in its results, it is not likely to relinquish it. The shrewdness of party managers consists in the deference which they pay to the general common-sense. The movement of the public mind, for instance, is undoubtedly against a prohibitory tariff protection. It is not likely, therefore, that any party would ever propose such a policy. Let it be once seen, in the same way, that the perils and waste and corruption of administration are palpably diminished by a sounder system of the civil service, and that system will be intrenched in the popular mind, and political managers will manage accordingly.

Moreover, the objection assumes a fallacy. It is that the service under a sound system would be filled by "politicians" and for political considerations, and therefore that Democrats in office would be inside friends of the outside enemy. But if the great multitude of the public offices were filled by those who were appointed for their capacity and general suitability, the "politician" class, as such, would be excluded, and the sympathies of the office-holders would be with the system and its friends. A Democratic "bummer" in office would naturally co-operate with his party friends. But a Democrat of another kind would very properly see that the sublime doctrine of rotation would carry him out with his Republican associates, and his party allegiance would necessarily be relaxed. Moreover, it is not true, as experience shows, that difference of political views in the subordinate officers necessarily perplexes the administration. Every great department refutes the allegation. There is not one in which a few most important officers are not retained through differing administrations. It is no secret that during the war the chief clerk of Mr. Stanton's own department was not a Republican—but he was an honorable man and a most efficient officer. Did the commercial interests of the port of New York suffer during the war because the Assistant Collector was not a Republican?

Indeed, such instances show that the present evil system is not even consistent. For if it be indispensable to a government by party, as is asserted, that every subordinate officer shall change with a party change of administration, why have most important officers in every department been retained through such changes? Simply because common-sense can not be altogether disregarded even in the public service. And the clamor about putting all the subordinate offices in the hands of friends of the Administration amounts to this, that party government requires that clerks and book-keepers, and inspectors and watchmen, and messengers and furnace-tenders, must change, but that higher officers may remain. Prove your faith by your works, gentlemen. So long as such officers are suffered to remain you show that you distrust your own principles, and your action conforms to those which are better. Meanwhile the situation of the country and the virtual dissolution of the opposition offer the Republican party an unequaled opportunity of fulfilling its own pledges, and of strengthening its hold upon the confidence and gratitude of the best and most intelligent citizens, by correcting the evil practice of a political civil service.

## THE VATICAN AND ITS POLITICS.

The brief telegraphic reports from Europe are often very significant. Thus in the last days of the year just ended it was announced that diplomatic relations had been broken off between the Vatican and Switzerland, and that the German minister to the Pope had taken indefinite leave of the Vatican. At the same time certain German papers were ordered not to publish the insulting reference made by the Pope to Germany. These are all signs of the good results to civilization and liberty which flow from the papal assumption of infallibility. That action, which was a victory of the Jesuits in the Roman Church, has caused every government that held relations with the Holy See to reconsider its position. As long as the old situation continued, while the Pope was not only the chief bishop of the Church, but the king of a little Italian state, with the most famous city in the world for his capital, the European powers found it useful to receive his legates or ministers, and to maintain embassies at his court. But when a little king, who was also a great bishop, unwillingly ceased to be the head of a state, and declared himself infallible, the case was bravely altered, for then he had popular superstition as a lever for his politics—a lever, indeed, which he had always used, but which now became more powerful.

And here is just the quarrel between civilization and the Roman Church. It is not content to claim to be a universal church, but it also insists upon being a universal state. And so it comes in conflict with modern times, which regard papal excommunications and priestly denunciations of godlessness as the amused spectator regarded Miss Betsy Trotwood's vehement maledictions of "Donkeys, Janet, donkeys!" Denials of the new dogma and resistance to it are not political and Protestant only. They appear within the Church, and especially in Germany. There, indeed, the ecclesiastical assumption to contest the authority of the state has been met by the government in a manner which shows very plainly which is to be master. It is in consequence of this decided position of the German government that the Pope in a recent speech indulged in the usual anathemas of those who do not submit to the will of the Holy See, and the German envoy is therefore ordered to withdraw from a court which insults his government.

In Switzerland the papal chargé d'affaires has remained upon sufferance. The Swiss Roman Catholics, however, do not, as a body, accept the new dogma, nor do they acknowledge that a Swiss bishop has the right to censure a priest for protesting against it. But it was discovered that the Pope's chargé was endeavoring to direct the Swiss bishops and priests, and certain reactionary movements were traced directly to him. The Swiss government thereupon decided that a chargé who represented a state that did not exist was superfluous, and it has therefore suspended his functions. Indeed, in Europe, where the Roman Church has elements of independence and intelligence, the declaration of infallibility will every where lead to the most serious schisms. The various states will not suffer their authority to be questioned or perplexed by any foreign power under any kind of assumption. In all that concerns the conduct of subjects and citizens they will not permit any divided allegiance. Thus the ludicrous but audacious declaration of infallibility, with the overthrow of the Pope's political power in Italy, will hasten the end of ecclesiastical politics every where.

In this country the dogma, although opposed in the Council by some of the American bishops, has not been seriously contested. The Church here is under the more absolute control of its clergy than it is in Europe, and it is the clergy, not the laity, which is responsible for the attempt to destroy the common-school system of the United States. That is the objective political point of the Roman clergy in this country. It is frankly avowed and openly attempted. It is a purpose which will not be abandoned, and to which no appeal to religious liberty should blind the country. To make the common schools sectarian, which is the priestly plan, is to lay the axe at the root of religious liberty. We called attention recently to the encouragement which it had received from a Methodist bishop and some Methodist clergymen. But from whatever quarter the proposition proceeds, it is indefensible. There is no danger in discussion, but silence and acquiescence are full of peril. And while Austria emancipates her schools from priestly control, while Germany and Switzerland sternly remind the clergy that they will not be suffered to disturb the state, let the public opinion of this country plainly show that the political power of the Roman Church, so swiftly declining in Europe before the clearer conscience and greater intelligence of the time, is not to be recovered in the United States.

Since the foregoing was in type we have received the following communications in reply to our recent criticisms. We cheerfully give place to these manifestations of dissent from the objectionable views expressed at the meeting; at the same time we must add that a protest on the spot would have carried far greater weight. From the *Herald* report of the proceedings, which is also appended, on which our criticism was based, it would appear that no such protest was made.

### A CARD FROM THE REV. DR. FOSS.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Dear Sir,—Please allow me to say through your columns that the brief editorial in your issue of January 11, with the heading 'Bishop Janes and the Public Schools,' is manifestly founded on incorrect reports, and ascribes to me views on the subject of public education exactly the reverse of any I have ever published or entertained. It does so by saying, 'We are sorry to see that Bishop Janes, Dr. Foss, and a few others of the Methodist Episcopal Church are joining hands with the Roman Catholic clergy in making war upon the public-school system,' and bases this statement on the proceedings at the recent 'Anniversary of the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.' Now the fact is, I took no part whatever in the exercises of that meeting. So you have been misinformed.

"I should feel it indelicate for me to volunteer any championship of Bishop Janes, who is now absent on an episcopal tour in the South, or of our Board of Education. I simply ask the privilege of this brief personal explanation, and am

"Yours respectfully,
"Cyrus D. Foss.

"*New York, January 7, 1873.*"

### THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"Dear Sir,—The brief editorial in *Harper's Weekly* of January 11, entitled 'Bishop Janes and the Public Schools,' misapprehends the position of the Methodist Episcopal Church to such an extent that in behalf of the Board of Education of that Church I would be glad to have the exact truth stated. The last General Conference adopted a report presented by the Committee on Education, affirming that 'the system of common schools is an indispensable safeguard to republican institutions,' and 'that it is our firm conviction that to divide the common-school funds among religious denominations for educational purposes is wrong in principle, and hostile to our free institutions and the cause of education.'

"By 'a rising vote,' a formality seldom resorted to, the whole body without one dissentient adopted this report. There can be no doubt now about the present doctrine of this Church on public schools.

"At the meeting above referred to Bishop Janes did not allude to the public schools, and while one of the speakers spoke of the necessity of their improvement in some parts of the country, no one dreamed of saying any thing in opposition to them. The Board of Education of the Church seeks to promote theological education, and a higher education in seminaries and colleges where needed, and to create such a public opinion as shall help the public schools.

"With great respect yours truly,
"E. O. Haven,
"Cor. Sec. of the Board of Education of the M. E. Church.
"*January 6, 1873.*"

[From the New York *Herald*, December 20, 1872.]

### EDUCATION IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A public meeting in favor of religious education in the public schools and distinct denominational education in parochial schools was held last evening in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. The meeting was presided over by Bishop Janes, who ordered the reading of the introductory psalm at half past seven o'clock precisely. The opening prayer was then given by Bishop Bowman, only about twenty persons being then in the church. Before the conclusion of the prayer, however, there was a fair audience present. Bishop Janes made the opening address, in which he alluded to the paucity of his audience, the object of the Board of Education which the Church had recently established, and showed its true importance, necessity, and effects. He then introduced to the audience Rev. Dr. Holmes, of Pittsburg, who delivered a very pointed discourse, embracing a number of comments on the present public-school system, which, he said, was partially godless, and controlled by some unqualified and irreligious teachers. The bishop next introduced the Rev. Dr. Caffney, of Atlanta, Georgia, who dwelt at length on the condition of the Methodist Church in the South, showing in detail its advantages and disadvantages, and giving to the board his plans for educating candidates for the ministry as well as children in separate denominational schools. The reverend gentleman's appeal to the small but interested congregation was listened to attentively.

The Rev. Dr. Foss,* pastor and corresponding secretary of the board, was next introduced, and gave his ideas of the best system of education in a brief but compact address. He denied that education could exist without the support of Christian teaching. Education irrespective of religion was not education. The present public-school system, he said, owed its origin to the old parochial and denominational schools, formerly every where established. To make all education secular was simply absurd, and any plan to do so could never be made feasible. After the conclusion of the reverend doctor's discourse Bishop Janes requested the audience to sing the "Doxology," which being devoutly rendered, Rev. Dr. Newman, chaplain of the United States Senate, gave the concluding blessing, when the meeting formally adjourned.

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* This is evidently a reporter's mistake, as it will appear from the above correspondence that Dr. Haven, and not Dr. Foss, is the corresponding secretary of the Board.

## SENATOR CONKLING.

The renomination of Senator Conkling, of New York, must be in every way most gratifying to that gentleman. A seat in the Senate is now, next to the Presidency, the great political prize. And those who are familiar with Senatorial elections, and know what shameful scenes they often are, and how openly the seat is directly or indirectly bought, must be deeply impressed by the tranquil unanimity of Mr. Conkling's renomination. He was, where he should have been, at his post in Washington. There were no open parlors and bottles and wretched intrigues at Albany, no fawning and flattering and lying; but the caucus assembled, and every Republican member of the Assembly and the Senate arose in his place and named Roscoe Conkling as his choice.

The reason of this result is plain. It is not that every member preferred Mr. Conkling to every body else in the State. There were doubtless gentlemen in the caucus who would perhaps have voted for other candidates under other circumstances. But they heartily named Mr. Conkling, because they knew that he was the choice of their constituents and of Republican New York. His campaign during the last summer, of which we have before spoken, was a great personal triumph. He went to every part of the State, and came face to face with the people. His presence and his speech dissipated a thousand prejudices. His ability, his earnestness, his various and ready resources, were perceived and acknowledged: and while every body saw how devoted and warm an advocate he was, they felt also how foully he had been slandered. He proudly disdained the open and secret calumny of his enemies, and so won his way to the confidence and admiration of the people of his State that the great majority with which they pronounced for Grant and Dix was not less their imperative and unanimous declaration for Conkling. Every Republican member of the Legislature knew it, and while we acknowledge the thoroughness of the party discipline, we see also that that discipline did not impose a candidate, but received him from the people.

Mr. Conkling's unanimous renomination marks the reunion of the Republican party of New York after the long and fierce feuds of the recent years. Of course there are, as there always must be, those in the party who are discontented, and who censure the general party management. But the organized quarrel exists no longer. Mr. Fenton, who was the representative of one side, with his immediate followers, acted with the Democratic party during the late campaign, and sought to restore to power in the State and country those whom the people most deeply and justly distrusted. Whether they still call themselves Republicans or not, they have ceased to be even a disturbing element in the Republican ranks of New York. The result, we repeat, is a great triumph for Mr. Conkling, and imposes upon him a great trust. It is a responsibility of which he is too much a man not to be conscious, and which his character and career are the pledges that he can not betray.

## CONGRESS AND THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

When the charge was made last summer against certain eminent members of Congress that they had been bribed to vote in favor of the Pacific Railroad, every intelligent man probably felt that the charge was untrue. The bribery of Speaker Blaine was said to have been "proved." He promptly and fully denied it, and it is evident that he told only the truth. The late Mr. F. D. Eliot was among those named. He was a man of singular purity of character; and those who knew him could only pity the party ferocity that did not spare him. It now appears to every body that the charge was as false as his friends knew it to be at the time, and simply because of his character. Mr. Boutwell also, one of the most spotless of our public men, was assailed by the same infamous slander. It was wholly without justification. Mr. Dawes was aspersed. But the evidence shows how unjustly. There are other gentlemen who were involved in the charges. But although they had to do with Mr. Oakes Ames and his stock, it is entirely unnecessary to suppose, and it is certainly not yet proved, that it was with any nefarious purpose. That Vice-President Colfax, for instance, would not and could not be bribed is as plain a proposition as could be imagined.

Nobody can doubt his statement before the committee. He had long been, as is well known, a friend of the Pacific road, and one day Mr. Ames offered to sell him some stock in the Crédit Mobilier. After some inquiries Mr. Colfax said that he should like to buy, but that he had no money. Mr. Ames replied that he would sell him twenty shares at par if he would pay also interest until the first payment. Mr. Colfax agreed, thinking, as he most naturally and honestly might, that there was no more probability of Congressional legislation upon the Pacific Railroad than upon any other chartered company—a national bank or a manufactory. Some time afterward Mr. Colfax paid five hundred dollars upon his contract, but he received no dividends and no certificates of stock. Presently he heard of difficulties among the managers and probable lawsuits, and he instantly told Mr. Ames that he must recede entirely from the transaction. A year afterward Mr. Ames failed, and Mr. Colfax told him not to think more of the five hundred dollars, the loss of which is the net result to the Vice-President of the Crédit Mobilier operation.

This is a very simple, natural story. Told by Mr. Colfax, it is not a story to be doubted. Mr. Ames may or may not have had a sinister intention in his offer. But surely Mr. Colfax was not bound to know it or to suspect it. There are many gentlemen in Congress who have little money to invest, and who know very little of good investments. When they wish to invest, naturally they would consult their colleagues who are constantly engaged in such business; and when such colleagues suggest that if their friends have money to spare there is a good opportunity to invest, it is not surprising, and implies no kind of dishonor, that the opportunity is improved. Indeed, there is nothing questionable in the matter until it is shown that the gentlemen ought to suspect the colleague who makes the offer. If a man consults a Jim Fisk upon investments, he must expect, of course, to be called a pigeon or a sharer of the booty. And again, if a member of Congress is pecuniarily interested in any company or project which asks Congressional aid, he should refrain from voting. But this is a rule which affects votes upon tariffs as well as railroads.

If we assume that Mr. Ames had improper intentions, he would, of course, seek to entangle men of the best character, and to affect their votes indirectly; and of course, however essentially innocent a transaction may be, when an exposure is made showing knavery somewhere, those who have had any part in it whatever are smirched. If it shall finally appear that members owning stock voted favors to the company, then they must suffer in public estimation with the members who, being interested in any manufacturing industry, vote for its special protection. But that members of Congress were bribed, as was originally stated—that is, that they consciously received stock as a consideration for votes—there is no evidence whatever.

## TWEED'S GOVERNOR.

If Governor Hoffman had been suffered to retire silently from the office which he has not honored, there might be no present occasion to speak of him. But the speech of Governor Dix at his inauguration, and the letter of certain gentlemen of Albany without distinction of party, challenge attention. The tone of our public life will hardly improve so long as those who are known to do dirty work are treated as if their hands were clean. In his message Governor Dix very justly and strongly denounced the Tweed conspiracy against the people. But part of that conspiracy was the elevation of Mr. Hoffman to the chief magistracy of the State. That he was placed there by the most flagrant frauds at the ballot-box no intelligent citizen doubts, and that in his office he signed the Erie bill and other infamous plundering projects of the Ring is notorious. The State administration of Mr. Hoffman covers the most astounding and corrupt period of our political history. What did the Governor to expose or to prevent the enormous villainy of which he was no less conscious than every body else? Was it not painfully evident that the Governor of New York was passive in the daring hands of Tweed and Sweeny, and that he did their bidding?

Was this an officer for the Governor elected by the indignant protest of the people against the Ring infamy to compliment? Mr. Hoffman had held a great office, indeed, but had he held it worthily? He was courteous and cultivated, we are told. But does that fact make his subserviency to the Ring more or less disgraceful? The gentlemen of Albany without distinction of party recognize, in their invitation, "the benefits which your administration has conferred upon our city and the State, and feel pride in knowing that an executive office filled by so long a line of patriotic statesmen has sustained in your hands the fame of the State and its influence." Then why all the pother about Tweed and the Ring?

The Republicans who sign the letter—and we have seen only the letter without the names—say that Tweed's Governor has sustained the prestige which John Jay and the Clintons have imparted to the chief magistracy of the State. Suppose, then, that Governor Hoffman had vetoed Tweed's and Sweeny's enormous plunder bills, as he did little local railroad bills? Suppose that in his veto messages he had exposed the great conspiracy, and rang the alarm to the people of the State? He would indeed have imperiled his chance of being made President by Tweed, as he had been made Governor. But he would have passed into history beloved and honored as an honest patriot. Perhaps the Republican gentlemen of Albany who signed the letter think that Governor Jay would have done, in like circumstances, what Governor Hoffman did. Do they remember what John Jay replied to Alexander Hamilton when the great Federal chief proposed to him a legally doubtful step for party advantage? And do they think that we encourage the growth of Jays, or of Tweeds, when we publicly declare that we "feel pride" in the administration of Tweed's Governor?

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Longfellow has reason for gratitude toward the intelligent foreigner who bears him in honored remembrance. Recently one Heinrich Dippel, a respectable Teuton who does business a few miles from Boston, and who occasionally has orders to buy goods for his neighbors, came into one of the bookstores of that city, and with a perplexed air asked for a book, the name of which he thought was something tall or big. The clerk suggested it might be the *Tall Student*, which was accordingly purchased. In a day or two Mr. Dippel returned, and asked if he could have it exchanged, as it was not what he wanted; it was Longfellow he was to get, and not the *Tall Student*. He was accommodated with the polite alacrity characteristic of the Boston bookseller.

—On the 6th of January Pius IX. received a large deputation of Irish Roman Catholics, who presented him with an address recounting the benefits conferred upon Ireland by the Holy See, and tendering his holiness a contribution of Peter-pence. The Pope, in response, deplored the ingratitude of the peoples who permitted the spoliation of the Church. He made an exception in favor of the Irish people, whom he praised for their enduring attachment to the Church, and congratulated on the preservation of their faith. He concluded by giving the apostolical blessing to Ireland.

—Should there be a change in the leadership of the English Tory party, the coming man will probably be the Marquis of Salisbury. His is one of the oldest and richest families in England. His country-seats are more extensive and beautiful than the Queen's, and his rooms are covered with Gobelin tapestry—the gifts of French kings to his illustrious ancestors. Speaking of Gobelin tapestry, probably the largest and finest specimens on this continent adorn the walls of Mr. William C. Prime's fine residence on Twenty-third Street, in this city.

—Baron Todesco, of Vienna, is the most fortunate of barons, if it be true, as stated, that he was able to pay his family physician $50,000 for attending his son two months—and cured him at that.

—Notwithstanding the formal dismissal of M. Catacazy from the diplomatic service of Russia, he is still in the employment of that government in some of its more important secret negotiations. Gortschakoff has recently employed him to carry on negotiations with the court of Rome, in order to adjust the ecclesiastical differences between the Pope and the Russian government with regard to the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops in Poland. The trouble is that during the Polish revolution in 1863 six Roman Catholic bishops were deposed by the Russian government and transported to Siberia. After their exile the Czar desired that the Pope should name others to fill the vacant dioceses. The Pope refused, and has ever since maintained that the exiles were still the legitimate bishops. A few months ago Prince Gortschakoff hit upon the plan of sending Catacazy to Rome in order to bring about some satisfactory arrangement. In this he has succeeded by obtaining the concessions desired by Russia. The Pope has consented to nominate six new bishops who were recommended by the Russian government to fill the vacant dioceses in Poland. Catacazy has obtained all the credit for this diplomatic transaction. It is said that Catacazy is on intimate terms with President Thiers, who supported him throughout the negotiations. Thiers is said to have advised the Pope to comply with the desire of the Russian government, promising in return to give all the assistance in his power to the Holy Father. Catacazy is thus reported to have been instrumental in producing more intimate relations between France and Russia.

—Mr. Gladstone having been charged by an impertinent minister with being a Roman Catholic, has directed his secretary to write to a gentleman in Birmingham that "Mr. Gladstone wishes you to be informed that the statement as to his being a Catholic was contradicted long ago, and that he regrets that it is not in his power to save the credulous from the annoyance caused by the impudent repetition of a falsehood."

—The Emperor of Austria is said to possess the pleasing habit of collecting skulls of remarkable criminals, and has now a choice collection of over four hundred skulls of particularly eminent scoundrels, gathered at great expense. It is the most extensive and tasteful collection of the kind in the world.

—Lady Beaconsfield, who has just been buried, was eighty-three years of age—eighteen years older than her husband, Mr. Disraeli, whom she married in 1839, in less than a year after the death of her first husband, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who left her an immense fortune. Up to 1839 Disraeli was three times before the Bankruptcy Court. His solicitor then and since has declared that he had no idea what his client did with his money. Lady Beaconsfield's fortune was settled on her for life only, and now reverts to her children by her first marriage. Disraeli is said to be deeply in debt, with little to live on beyond his pension of $25,000 a year, which he acquired in a shrewd way. The Tory ministry of 1868 was dissolved in November. His colleagues, who were men of wealth, wished to retire long before, but he procrastinated until he had filled up the exact minimum of service required for a pension, and then withdrew.

—Mayor Edwards, of Tallahassee, Florida, is probably the only official in the country who is a true and unalloyed patriot. He not only serves the city without salary, but has turned into the city treasury all the moneys received from official fees during the past year.

—Mrs. Partington has had an interview with the medical authorities of Boston, and remarked to the vaccination men, pleasantly, that when a girl she was inoculated by an oculist.

—General Grant will have his little joke when the little occasion offers. When it became necessary to appoint a successor to General Meade he listened to the claims of those who were aspirants for the position, and finally said that, on the whole, he thought M'Dowell was the man. "He is a good soldier," said the President, "and is entitled to the place; and then, you see, he belongs to Ohio, and, really, poor Ohio ought to have something." The point is that the President is a native of Ohio, an Ohio man is in the cabinet, two Ohio men on the Supreme Court bench, an Ohio man minister to England, and a majority of the bureaus and sub-departments are filled by those gentle men of Ohio.

—"What one loses another gains" is an old proverb the truth of which has been reverified by Mrs. General Gaines, one of her lawyers having just won a suit for a fee of $50,000, contingent on the success of her suits.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The holiday vacation having expired, Congress reassembled on the 6th inst. In the House, after the call for new bills and resolutions, a resolution was introduced to have the sessions of the committee investigating the Crédit Mobilier frauds open to the public, which, after some discussion, was adopted. After some further business the Crédit Mobilier question again came up under a resolution authorizing a suit to be brought against the Union Pacific Railroad, which elicited considerable debate and some filibustering. The resolution was adopted.—In the Senate, on the 7th inst., the resolution authorizing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to inquire into the Louisiana and Arkansas Presidential elections was taken up, and after some debate was adopted. After this the Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, but without decisive action, and the Senate adjourned. In the House, among the bills received and reported was one from the Committee on Foreign Affairs ordering the Attorney-General to investigate the claims of certain insurance companies to be paid out of the Chinese indemnity fund. After some discussion the bill was recommitted. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill, which calls for $17,041,352. When the House rose the Speaker announced the committee to investigate the Crédit Mobilier and Union Pacific Railroad questions.—On the 8th inst. the Senate appropriated $20,000 for the investigation of the alleged election frauds in Louisiana and Arkansas. In the House, a motion to increase the President's salary to $50,000 was voted down.—On the 9th inst., in the House, a bill for the appointment of shipping commissioners was reported and passed. A bill for the admission of Colorado as a State was, after various proposed amendments, laid over. The bill to create a bureau of emigration was then taken up, and, after considerable debate, referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, which is practically its defeat.—The Indian Appropriation bill was passed by the Senate on the 10th inst.

The Secretary of State has instructed our minister at Madrid to make strong representations to the Spanish government on its failure to carry out its obligations to emancipate the slaves in Cuba. It is strongly intimated by Mr. Fish that unless a change in the policy of the home government toward Cuba shall soon be made, the friendly relations between Spain and the United States may be interrupted. The Spanish government has replied in a friendly tone, promising to fulfill its obligations.

The New York State Legislature met on the 7th inst., Lieutenant-Governor Robinson presiding in the Senate, and Alonzo B. Cornell being chosen as Speaker of the Assembly. The Governor's Message was received and read, and both Houses adjourned. On the 8th inst. the Assembly adjourned till the 14th inst., and on the 9th the Senate did likewise.

The new boards of Aldermen, Assistant Aldermen, and County Supervisors of New York met on the 6th inst. The Board of Aldermen elected Mr. S. B. H. Vance its president, and soon after received a message from Mayor Havemeyer. The Board of Assistant Aldermen elected Mr. William Wade as its president, while, as the law provides, Mayor Havemeyer presided over the Board of Supervisors.

The New Hampshire Democratic State Convention met at Concord on the 8th inst., and nominated for Governor James A. Weston, of Manchester.

Roscoe Conkling was unanimously renominated for Senator at the Republican joint Legislative caucus held in Albany on the 8th inst.

The trial of William M. Tweed was fairly begun in the Court of Oyer and Terminer on the 8th inst. with an effort to impanel a jury, which was completed on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull and Colonel Blood were re-arrested on the 9th inst., and committed to Ludlow Street jail.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The commercial treaty between France and Great Britain was signed on the 4th inst.

France, according to the new census recently taken, has 36,102,921 inhabitants.

A great commotion was caused, on the 8th inst., by the Left in the French Assembly denouncing the Council of Education as composed of clericals unpatriotically subservient to Rome.

Several members of the International Society have been arrested in Paris and the provinces, with Orsini bombs in possession of some of the parties.

A mob attacked a meeting at Derby, England, on the 8th inst., when Sir Charles Dilke was speaking on "Land and People." A fight ensued, during which several persons were injured.

The Carlists are again making mischief in Spain. They have torn up the rails between Miranda and Bilboa, and between Alama and Pampeluna. They have also burned a railway station with petroleum, and made the railway officials prisoners.

The first Protestant church in Rome was consecrated on the 8th inst., seven American clergymen taking part in the ceremonies.

Vigorous measures are threatened by the Swiss Council against the Canton of Valais for tolerating Jesuit masters in the schools.

The President of Bolivia, General Morales, was shot and killed by his nephew, La Faye, on the night of November 27. Don Adolfo Battissa was elected by Congress as his successor.

The Parliament of Ontario was opened on the 8th inst. by a speech from the Lieutenant-Governor.

## NAPOLEON III.

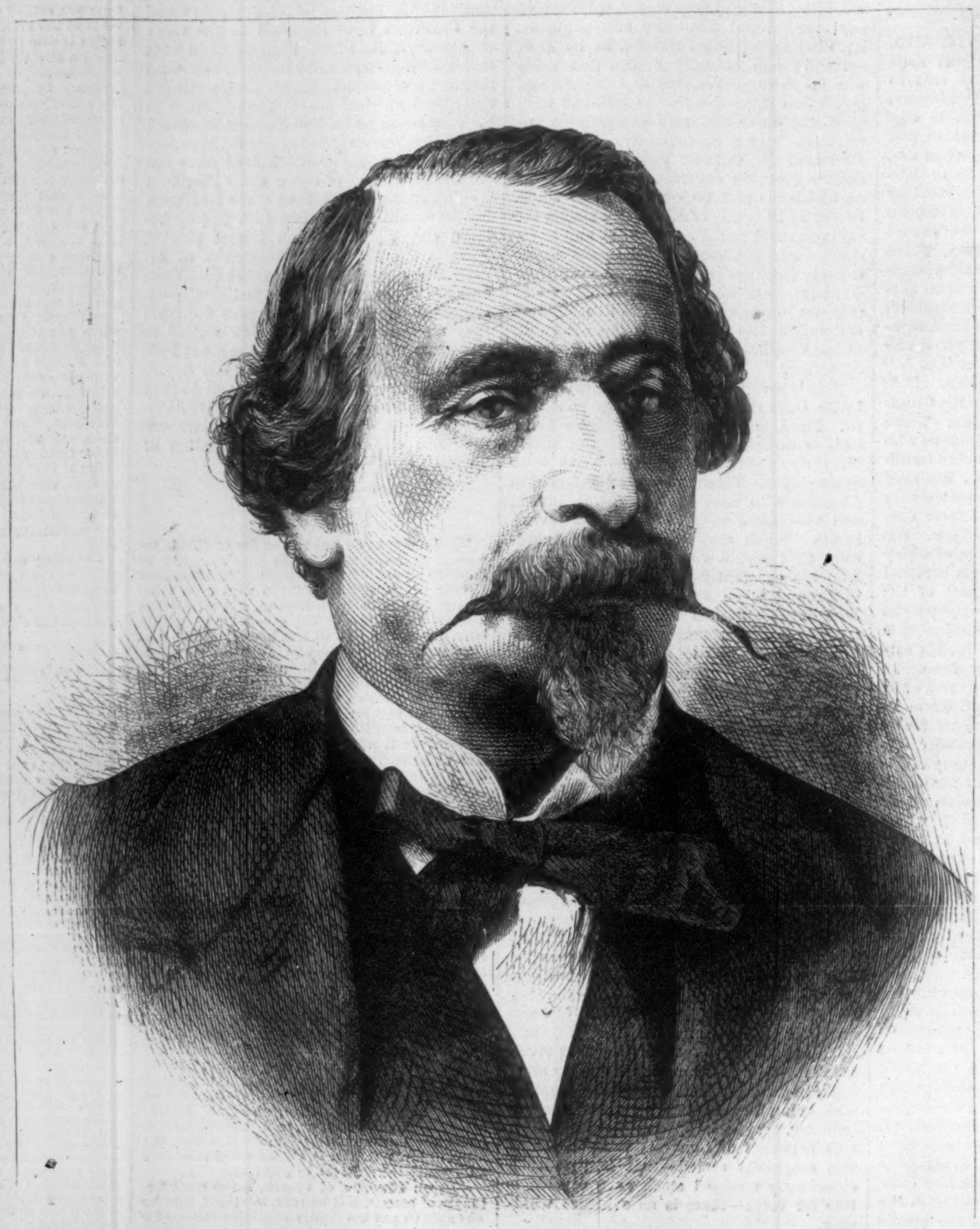
AT forty-five minutes past ten o'clock on the morning of January 9, LOUIS NAPOLEON, ex-Emperor of France, died at Chiselhurst, England, where he had resided since his liberation from Wilhelmshöhe. A few days before his death he had undergone a painful surgical operation, which proved to be too severe for his strength. After hours of intense suffering, borne with patient fortitude, he quietly passed away. His wife was at his bedside, and the house was crowded with sympathizing friends. His son, who was summoned from the Military Academy at Woolwich, did not arrive until after his death.

Few men have passed a more checkered career. He was born on the 20th of April, 1808, when the first empire was still in all its glory, and his birth was announced throughout France by salvos of artillery. His father was LOUIS BONAPARTE, ex-King of Holland, and his mother HORTENSE, daughter of the Empress JOSEPHINE. On November 4, 1810, he was baptized by Cardinal FESCH, the Emperor and the Empress LOUISE being his sponsors. After the banishment of the BONAPARTE family from France LOUIS and his mother resided first at Augsburg, and afterward in Switzerland. In the latter state he was made a citizen, and joined the army, studying gunnery at the military school on the shores of Lake Thun. While making a trip among the Alps the news of the revolution in Paris, July, 1830, reached him. When it was known that LOUIS PHILIPPE was king he asked to be allowed to return to France, but was refused.

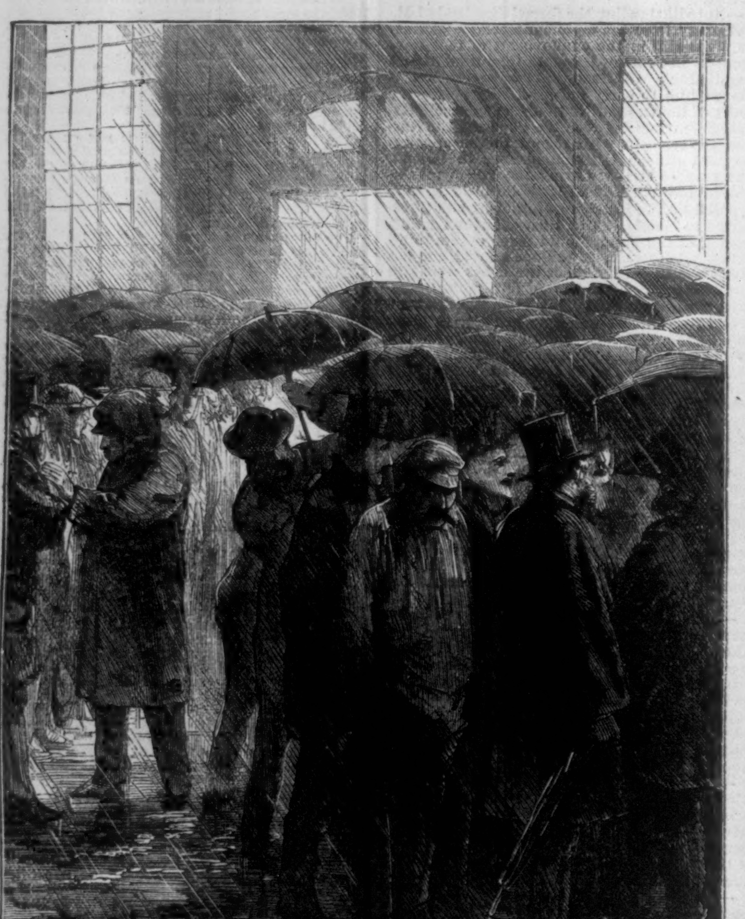
In the following year he and his brother left Switzerland and settled in Tuscany, and afterward took part in the insurrection at Rome. His elder brother died early in the year, and LOUIS escaped through Italy and France to England, where he remained a short time, and then retired to the Castle of Ahrenberg, where he devoted himself to literary labors. His first book was *Rêveries Politiques*, in which he spoke of the NAPOLEON family as the only salvation of France. A year or so after that he issued *Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse* and *Manuel sur l'Artillerie*, the latter being favorably reviewed by the military journals of the day. After the death of the Duc de Reichstadt LOUIS NAPOLEON became the legal heir of the imperial family.

From this time he was constantly plotting for the restoration of the empire. In 1836 his plans were so far matured that he made an attempt to seize the fortress of Strasburg. Had he succeeded he would at once have marched on Paris. The whole affair failed miserably, and the prince was captured and confined at Strasburg from October 30 till November 9. His life was spared on condition that he should be sent to the United States. He did not remain here long, but returned to Switzerland to find his mother dying. The French government, again alarmed, demanded his banishment from Switzerland, and sent an army to the frontier to enforce the demand. The prince again sought refuge in England. At the end of 1838 he took up his residence in London, and published there his celebrated *Des Idées Napoléoniennes.*

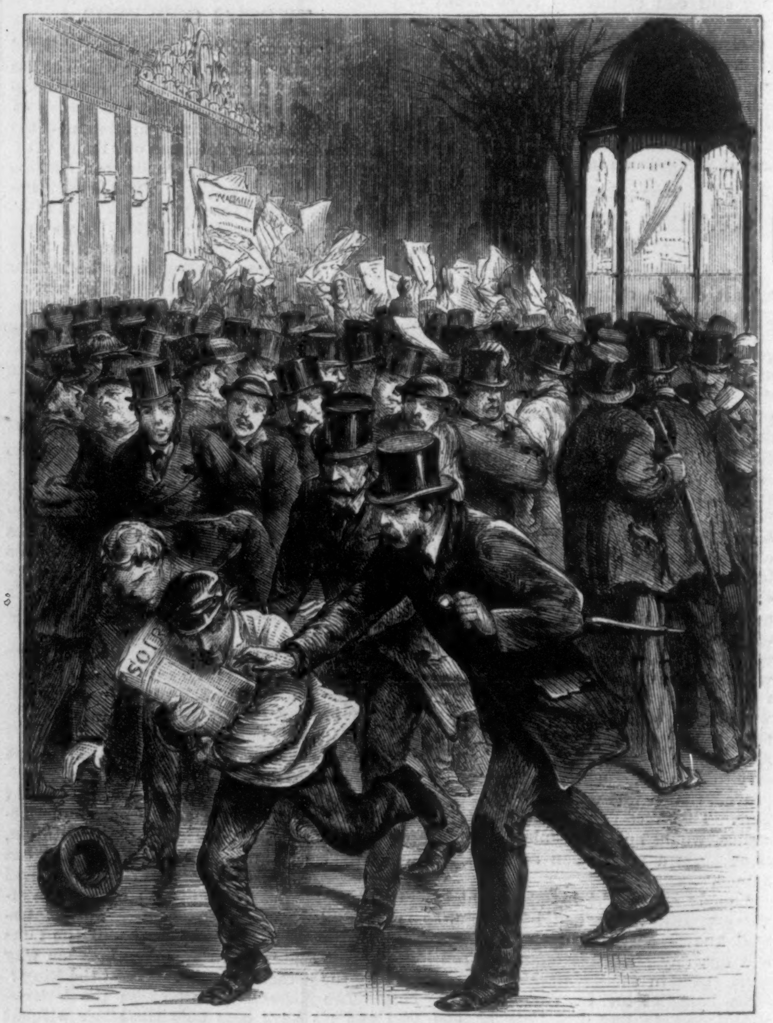
Undiscouraged by the Strasburg fiasco, he made another attempt on France, in 1840. He hired a steamer in London, and with a few associates landed near Boulogne on the 6th of August, and summoned the troops to join him. They refused, and he was captured while attempting to regain his vessel. For this attempt he was sentenced to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Ham, where he remained in close confinement for six years. On the 25th of May, 1846, he made his escape, disguised as a workman, and again took refuge in England. In that country he resided until the overthrow of LOUIS PHILIPPE by the revolution of 1848, when he returned to France, and was elected to the National Assembly. He was soon afterward chosen President of the new republic. Having reached this position, he began to revive a love for the family among the soldiers by a liberal distribution of souvenirs of his uncle. Aided by the energetic action of ST. ARNAUD and FLEURY, early in the morning of December 2,



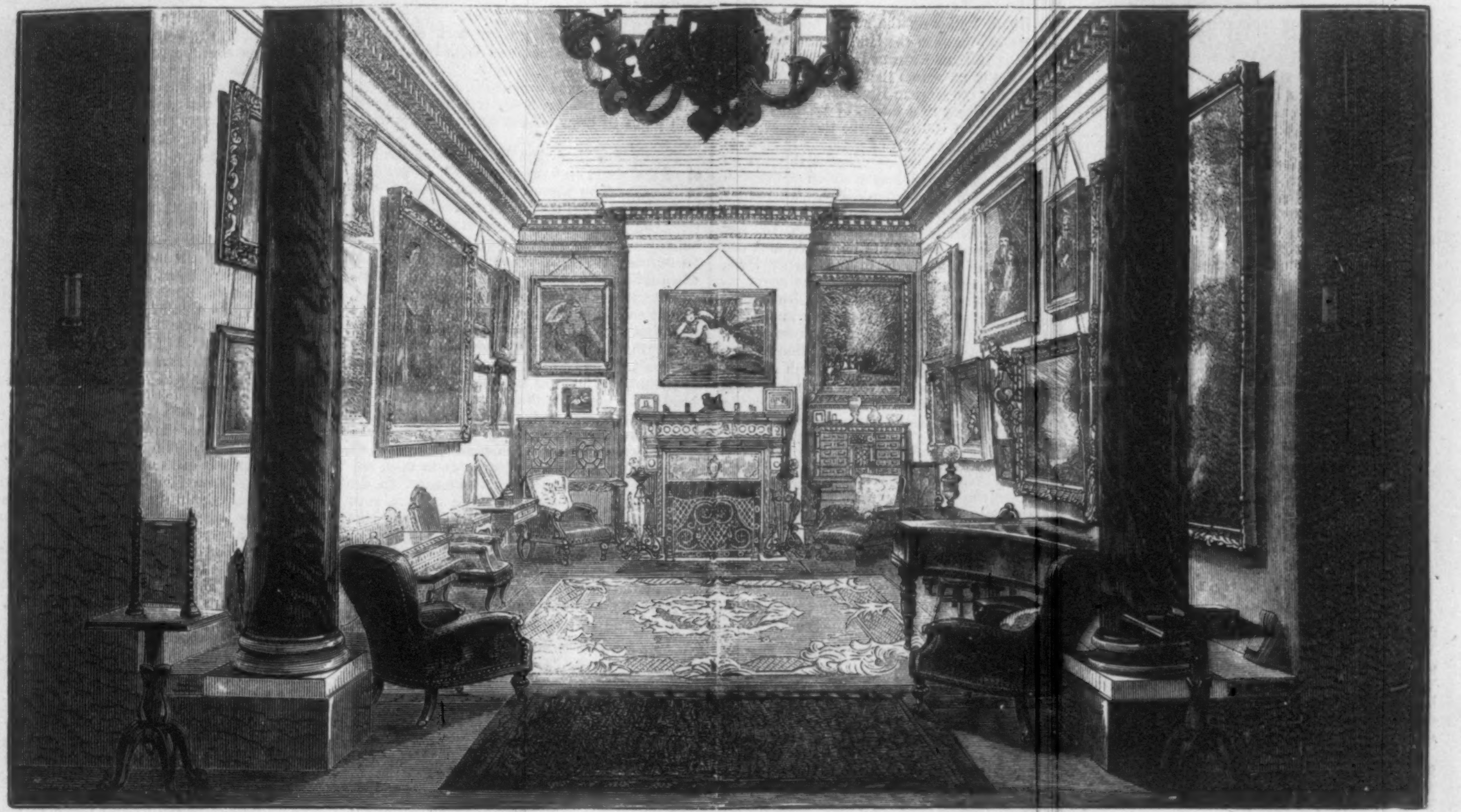
THE LATE NAPOLEON III., EX-EMPEROR OF FRANCE.



EXCITEMENT AT VERSAILLES.



EXCITEMENT ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS.



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE LATE EX-EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AT CAMDEN PLACE, CHISELHURST.

1851, he imprisoned every statesman in Paris known for his public spirit and ability, dissolved the Assembly, seized the most distinguished generals, and proclaimed himself Dictator. He then offered himself to the French people for election to the office of President for ten years. They had no other resource, and submitted. This state of things lasted only a year. In the autumn of 1852 he made a tour through several of the departments, was greeted with "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and on his return he immediately began his imperial sway, the French nation voting by a majority of five or six millions for the restoration of the empire, which was proclaimed December 2, 1852.

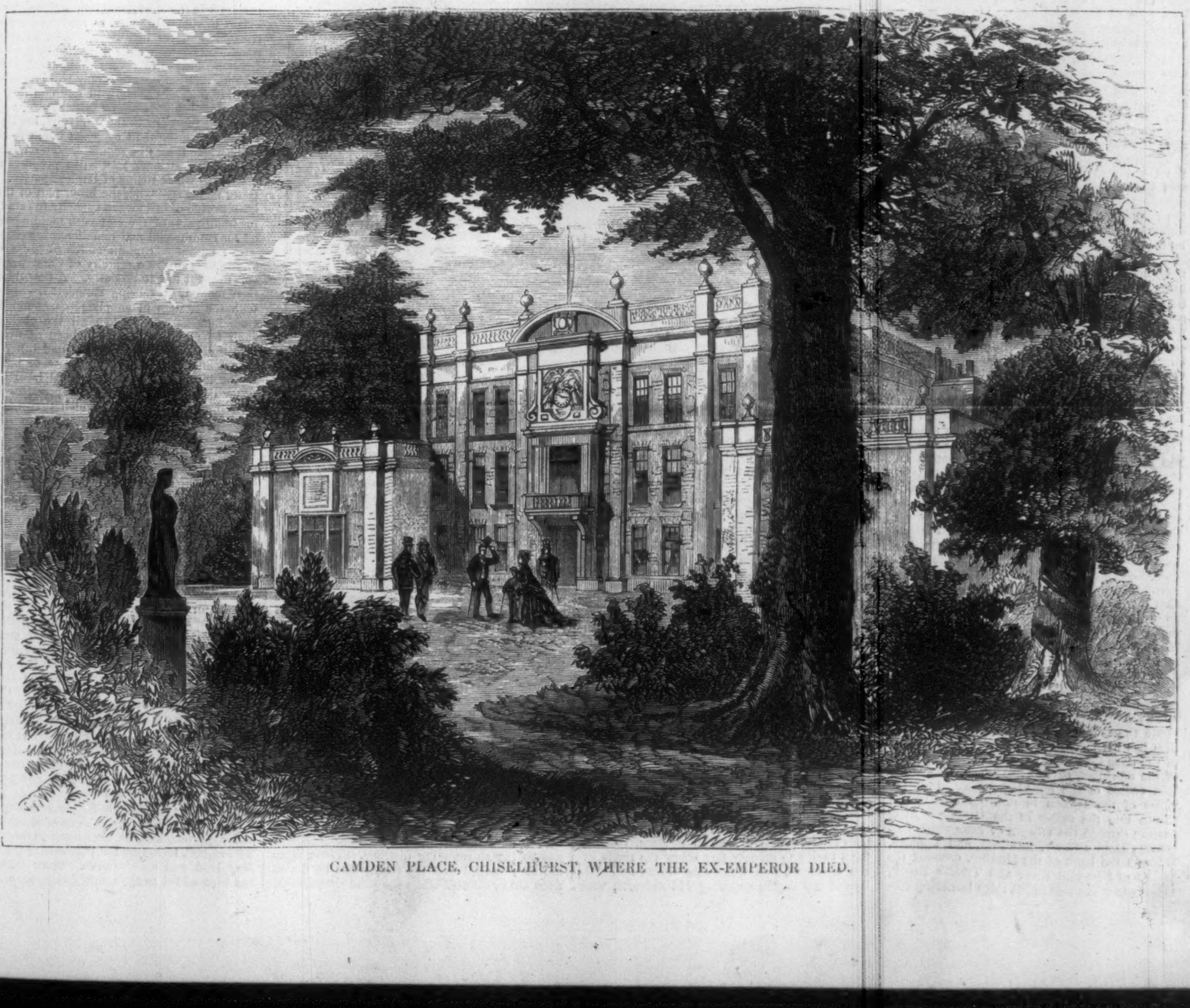
He then assumed the title of "NAPOLEON III., Emperor of the French by the grace of God and the will of the people." In 1853 he married EUGÉNIE, Countess de Teba. In 1854 war broke out between France, England, and Russia; closed shortly after the capture of Sebastopol, in 1856. A desire to enlarge the boundaries of France led him to take part, in 1859, in the war between Italy and Austria. He proceeded to the field in person. By the aid of the French arms the Austrians were defeated at Magenta and Solferino. In return for this service Savoy was ceded to him.

The first grand mistake in the foreign policy of the Emperor was made in 1861, when, in conjunction with Great Britain and Spain, he organized an expedition against Mexico. Great Britain and Spain seceded from the movement in April, 1862, and the Emperor carried on the war alone. An imperial government was formed in Mexico, the crown of which the Archduke MAXIMILIAN of Austria was induced to accept, October 3, 1863. The tragic termination of this enterprise is too fresh in the minds of our readers to require repetition here.

In July, 1870, NAPOLEON declared war against Prussia, the strongest military power in Europe. He was utterly unprepared for the contest, and after a series of the most surprising reverses, the history of which is still fresh in the recollection of our readers. was compelled to surrender, with the army of Marshal M'MAHON, at Sedan, on the 1st day of September, and the fortunes of NAPOLEON III. were forever separated from those of France. He endured a short captivity at Wilhelmshöhe, and was then permitted to retire to England, where he took up his residence with the Empress and their son at Camden Place, Chiselhurst. There he lived in a quiet and very retired way until his death.

By this event, his son, NAPOLEON-EUGENE-LOUIS-JEAN-JOSEPH BONAPARTE, known as the Prince Imperial, now nearly seventeen years of age, becomes heir to his pretensions to the throne of France. His prospects, it must be confessed, are not remarkably brilliant of ever reaching that uneasy seat. He is a pleasant, modest youth, of very moderate abilities. The French republic has not much to fear from him.

The news of the ex-Emperor's decease created great excitement at Paris and Versailles. The Imperialists seemed to regard the event as the final blow to their hopes.



CAMDEN PLACE, CHISELHURST, WHERE THE EX-EMPEROR DIED.

## FASTER, OVER THE SPARKLING SNOW!

FASTER! faster! Dobbin, my boy!
  Faster, over the sparkling snow!
What with love and the frosty air,
  I and my heart are all aglow.
Haste! for a pair of dear, dark eyes
  Are watching for me to-night, I know:
A moment's pause for us both, old boy,
  Then over the roads again we'll go.

*Three* of us then, you know, of course—
  Two in the sleigh and you, my boy.
But mark, old pony, you mustn't hear
  The words I say in my heart's wild joy.
Toss your mane as you bear us on,
  And ring your bells on the frosty air!
What should a staid old horse like you
  For lovers and all their nonsense care?

What if our hands by chance, you know,
  Under the buffalo-robe should meet?
I wonder who would the wiser be,
  As we went dashing along the street!
So fast and faster, Dobbin, my boy,
  Faster, over the sparkling snow!
What with love and the frosty air,
  I and my heart are all aglow.

## THE WATER WE DRINK, AND WHERE WE GET IT.

THE Croton River was first mentioned in connection with the supply of pure water for New York by Mr. FRANCIS PHELPS, and his views were sustained in a subsequent report by DE WITT CLINTON, then City Surveyor, in December, 1832, recommending the taking of the water of the Croton River at Pine Bridge, and conveying it to the city by an open aqueduct.

In 1833, under an act of the Legislature, STEPHEN ALLEN, SAUL ALLEY, WILLIAM W. FOX, BENJAMIN M. BROWN, and CHARLES DUSENBERRY were appointed Commissioners to examine the subject of supplying the city with wholesome water; and under their direction, on the 1st of May, 1833, Major DAVID B. DOUGLAS, late Professor of Engineering at West Point, after due examination, reported in favor of using the water of the Croton River. Under a subsequent act, May 2, 1834, the Governor appointed the same Commissioners to report to the Common Council, before the 1st day of January, 1836, plans and estimates for supplying the city with wholesome water, when, at the next charter election, the question of erecting water-works according to the plan recommended was to be submitted to the voters of the city. The Commissioners employed Major DOUGLAS and JOHN MARTINEAU, engineers, to make separate surveys and plans for carrying water to the city from the Croton River, and both made their reports in 1835. The plan of Major DOUGLAS was adopted, and at the election in April of the same year the construction of the aqueduct was authorized by a vote of 17,334 to 5963. On the 7th of May following the Common Council instructed the Commissioners to proceed with the work.

Major DOUGLAS, who had made the preliminary surveys and planned the general arrangement of the work, was employed as Chief Engineer, but was succeeded in October, 1836, by Mr. JOHN B. JERVIS, who designed and personally superintended the construction of the entire aqueduct and all the structures connected with it.

The work was actually begun in 1837, and on the 4th day of July, 1842, the Croton water was first admitted into the city through the aqueduct, and on the 14th day of October, 1842, the completion of the aqueduct and the introduction of water to the city generally were celebrated in magnificent style.

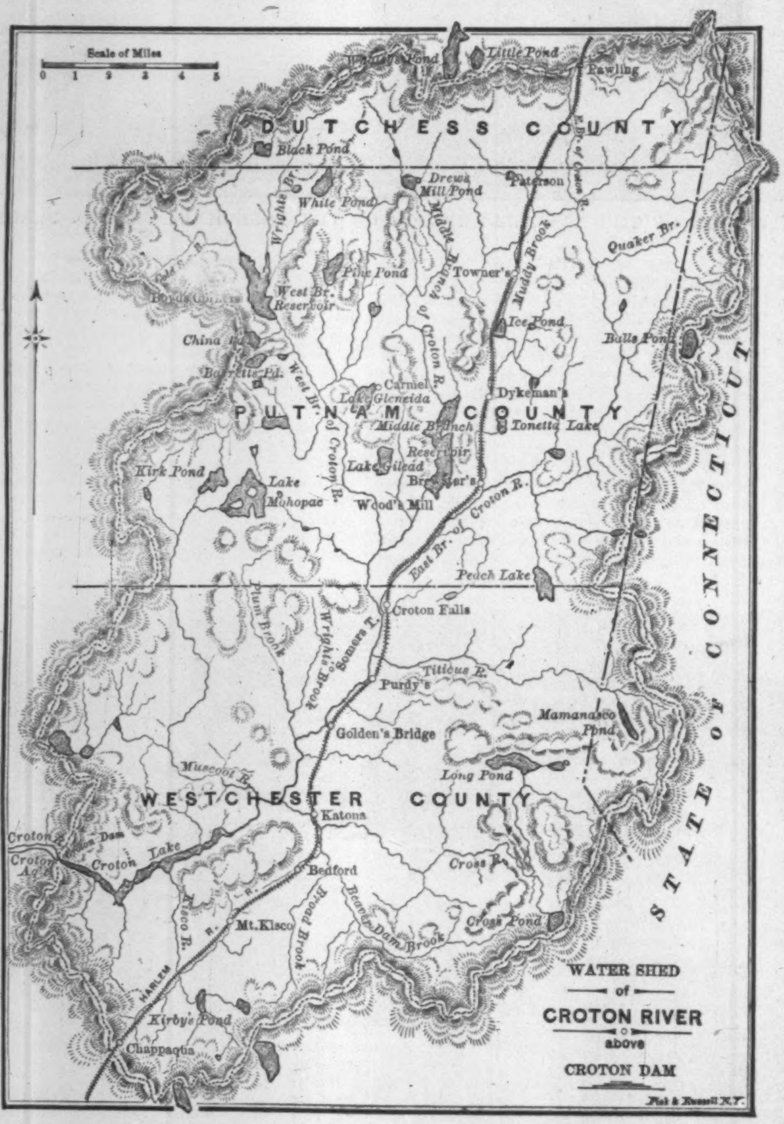
The Croton River rises in Putnam County in three springs, whose rivulets unite near Owentown. Within a radius of about ten miles around the confluence of these small streams there are some twenty small lakes and ponds, varying from fifty to four hundred acres in extent, whose effluents are all tributary to the Croton River. The largest of these waters is Lake Mahopac, one of the most charming summer resorts in the country, celebrated for its picturesque beauty. All these lakes are fed by springs within their own area, and their waters are extremely pure, containing less than $\frac{1}{10000}$ part of foreign matter. Measurements by gauging, made by Major DOUGLAS and Engineer STEIN in 1833, showed an average flow in the Croton River of 51,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, while the minimum flow, in seasons of severe drought, was calculated at 29,000,000 gallons, which latter estimate was afterward verified during the extremely dry summer of 1838, Mr. HORATIO ALLEN, principal Assistant Engineer on the aqueduct, finding a flow of 28,738,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. Experience has since shown that these measurements were pretty accurate as to the minimum, but fell far short of the average capacity of the Croton River. The lakes above referred to are natural reservoirs, which are almost inexhaustible, and the Legislature of 1871 took action to authorize the city authorities to draw upon a number of them in case of necessity.

The aqueduct commences about six miles above the mouth of the Croton River, where a dam has been constructed to elevate the water of the river forty feet, to the level of the head of the aqueduct, or 160 feet above mean tide. The course of the aqueduct passes along the valley of the Croton to near its mouth, and thence into the valley of the Hudson. After passing through the villages of Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Dobb's Ferry, Hastings, and Yonkers, it leaves the bank of the Hudson, crossing the valleys of Saw-mill River and Tibbit's Brook, thence along the side of the ridge bounding Tibbit's Brook Valley on the south, and over the high ground between the Hudson and East rivers, to the Harlem River at High Bridge, which carries the water across that river. The southerly shore of the Harlem River is a bold, precipitous rock, rising to a height of 220 feet above the stream, and 100 feet above the level of the aqueduct. The conduit of masonry is here resumed, and carried some distance through an open rock cutting to the termination of the high ground north of Manhattan Valley. This valley is crossed by iron pipes, a distance of three-fourths of a mile, which descend to its bottom, 102 feet below the grade line of the aqueduct, and rise again on the other side to the proper level, whence the conduit of masonry was again resumed, crossing Asylum Ridge and Clendenning Valley, to the Receiving Reservoir in Central Park. Two lines of three-feet pipe connect the Receiving Reservoir with the old Distributing Reservoir at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.

The total length of the Croton Aqueduct, from the Croton Dam to the Distributing Reservoir, previous to the recent alterations, was 40.562 miles, as follows:

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| Masonry conduit in Westchester County ..... | 32.880 |
| Masonry conduit on New York Island ........ | 4.187 |
| Total length of masonry conduit ....... | 37.067 |
| Receiving Reservoir.......................... | 0.172 |
| Distributing " .......................... | 0.080 |
| Iron pipes on High Bridge, over Harlem Valley. | 0.275 |
| " " across Manhattan Valley........... | 0.792 |
| " " between reservoirs ............... | 2.176 |
| Total.................................. | 40.562 |

To this should be added the length of the Croton Reservoir or Lake, at the head of the aqueduct, five miles, making a total length of 45.562 miles from the point where the Croton River has the proper elevation.



WATER SHED
of
CROTON RIVER
above
CROTON DAM

The form and dimensions of the aqueduct are as follows: The bottom is an inverted arch, with a span of 6′ 9″, and a depression of 9″; the side walls rise 4 feet from the spring line of the arch, with a bevel of 4 inches on each side, making the greatest width of the aqueduct, at the top of the walls, 7′ 5″. The roofing arch is a semicircle, making the greatest interior height of the aqueduct 8′ 5½″. In rock tunnels the roofing arch is dispensed with. The bottom arch is of brick, 4 inches thick, laid on a foundation of concrete masonry; the roofing arch is also of brick, 8 inches thick; the side walls are of rubble stone, with a brick facing 4 inches thick. The masonry and brick-work are all laid in hydraulic cement, tested on the ground before used. Where the aqueduct crosses low grounds or valleys on dry stone walls, the thickness and width of the foundation masonry, the thickness of the side walls, and the proportion of cement used are increased. On the line of the aqueduct there are sixteen tunnels, varying in length from 160 to 1263 feet, their aggregate length being 6841 feet. It crosses in Westchester County twenty-five small streams, running from twelve to seventy feet below the grade of the aqueduct, and numerous brooks and valleys of less depth, requiring 114 culverts, with an aggregate length of 7959 feet. Thirty-three ventilators, rising fourteen feet each above the ground of the aqueduct, and placed at regular distances, give circulation to the air. Six waste weirs are constructed to pass off the water when it reaches its proper level, and are furnished with gates to draw off the water entirely when necessary.

The Croton Dam rises 40 feet above the level of the river, and the stone-work is 284 feet in length. The waste of the dam was at first built 90 feet long, upon rock extending into the river-bed; the remaining portion of the dam was built upon alluvial ground, covered with boulders. In January, 1841, a violent freshet occurred, when this dam was nearly completed, and washed out the embankment on the northerly end of it, and an additional dam was constructed in the gap thus washed out, with an overflow 180 feet in length, making the present total overflow 270 feet long. The natural rock forms the southern abutment, and here the water is conducted to the head of the aqueduct through a rock tunnel 180 feet long. The gate chamber at the head of the tunnel has two sets of gates—one set of cast iron guard gates, and one set of regulating gates of gun-metal. There are nine gates in each set, each gate measuring 18 by 40 inches. In the north abutment there is a waste culvert, with cast iron gates, to draw the water from the lake when necessary to make repairs. The lake or reservoir formed by the Croton Dam is of irregular shape, five miles in length, and covers an area of 400 acres.

BRIDGES.—The aqueduct crosses the Sing Sing Kill—a small stream, running in a deep and narrow gorge, 63 feet below the grade line—on a bridge of granite, consisting of a single arch of 88 feet span. The greatest engineering work on the line is the High Bridge, crossing the Harlem River on fifteen arches, eight of which have 80 feet span each, the remaining seven having each 50 feet span. The total length of the bridge is 1450 feet, and its height, as first constructed, 114 feet above flood tide. Seven of the piers are built upon rock, and the remainder upon piles driven into the bed of the river or into the soil on the Westchester side. In the year 1866 the High Bridge was raised six feet, and an aqueduct of iron constructed above the pipes for the purpose of bringing over an additional supply of water under an increased head.

The old Receiving Reservoir in Central Park is 1826 feet long and 836 feet wide, covering an area of 35.05 acres, divided into two divisions, the northern division containing 20 feet depth of water, and the southern division 30 feet depth. Its capacity is 150,000,000 gallons. It is formed of earth embankments 18 to 21 feet wide at the top, and protected by masonry on the outside and by a dry stone wall on the inside. Two brick vaults, 8 feet wide and 400 and 540 feet long respectively, contain the iron pipes which convey the water to the Distributing Reservoir and to the surrounding districts. These pipes are so arranged that the supply can be drawn from either division while the other is undergoing repairs. Each pipe is provided with a stopcock to shut off the water when necessary. The aqueduct entered the reservoir at right angles, 252 feet south of the northwesterly corner. The water is conveyed to the southern division through a conduit of masonry within the banks of the northern division. Since the construction of the new reservoir in Central Park, north of the old Receiving Reservoir, the aqueduct has been abandoned between Eighty-fifth and Ninetieth streets, and turned into the new reservoir.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.—In 1857 the construction of the large new reservoir in Central Park above mentioned was begun. It extends from Eighty-sixth to Ninety-sixth streets, and from 100 feet west of Fifth Avenue to 100 feet west of Seventh Avenue, covering an area of 106¾ acres, with a capacity of 1,030,000,000 gallons. The construction is similar to that of the Receiving Reservoir, but the embankments are stronger in proportion to the depth of the water. It was completed in 1860, at a cost of about $2,000,000.

Several years ago it was determined, in order to supply the higher parts of the island north of Manhattan Valley with water, to build a high Service Reservoir on the high ground near Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Seventy-third Street; and, to gain the necessary elevation for the extreme high points, to construct a tower supporting a reservoir or tank. Powerful pumping engines will pump the water into the reservoir and tank. The latter is 300 feet above the level of high tide. These works, as well as the necessary connections for distributing the water, are now almost completed.

A new Storage Reservoir has been constructed at Boyd's Corners, in Putnam County, by building a dam 700 feet long across the West Branch of the Croton River, raising the water 60 feet above the surface of the stream, and flooding about 300 acres of ground. This reservoir will contain 3,000,000,000 gallons, and is so far completed as to be filled during the present season.

The Commissioner of Public Works, Mr. VAN NORT, has located another reservoir on the Middle Branch of the Croton River, to contain 3,700,000,000 gallons. The necessary papers and maps have been signed, and work upon it will begin next spring. The cost of the construction will be comparatively small, as the reservoir is formed almost entirely by the natural surface of the ground, leaving but a small space to be closed by an artificial embankment or dam.

The present administration of the Department of Public Works contemplate the building of additional storage reservoirs as the wants of the city may require, and to provide against the possibility of a water famine. They feel confident that, by storing the superfluous water furnished by the Croton River in wet seasons, they can abundantly supply the present and prospective wants of our population not only for ordinary consumption, but also in case of large fires. When the reservoir at Boyd's Corners shall have been filled, the aggregate capacity of all the reservoirs will be 4,670,000,000 gallons, or sufficient to supply the city, at the present rate of consumption, for fifty days. Add to this the maximum quantity daily furnished by the Croton River in seasons of severe drought, 27,000,000 gallons, and the reserve supply will last seventy-six days. The difficulty in extinguishing fires heretofore has not been an actual scarcity of water at the source or in the reservoirs, but the failure of delivering it in sufficient quantity at any point where it may be required. To remedy this defect Commissioner VAN NORT proposes to lay additional water mains of large capacity. The water mains supplying the lower part of the city have proved of insufficient capacity to supply water to all parts of the immense buildings erected for commercial and manufacturing purposes. These buildings contain stores of great value, and in case of fire a scarcity of water would result in great loss to property. A new thirty-six inch main is just being completed, connecting with the system of supply pipes at and below Chambers Street. When all the connections shall be made, and the full head of water let into the main, the merchants and other business men occupying upper floors of buildings in the lower part of the city will have Croton water delivered them on their premises by its own pressure—a luxury which they have not enjoyed for years. It is intended to lay two more large mains, one on the east and one on the west side of the city.

When our present system of water supply was first designed, twenty gallons of water daily to each inhabitant was considered the maximum quantity required; and it appears that for some time after the completion of the aqueduct the consumption did not exceed that rate. Last year, however, with a population of about one million, the daily consumption was 88,000,000 of gallons, or eighty-eight gallons to each inhabitant.

A tax, or rent, is levied by the city upon consumers for the use of Croton water, the average charge for a dwelling-house being ten dollars per annum. Hotels, bar-rooms, stables, factories, etc., have to pay according to the quantities they are supposed to consume, the rates being established by ordinance of the Common Council. During the year ending April 11, 1872, the revenue of the city from water rents and penalties was $1,263,471 32. Under the present administration this revenue is being increased at the rate of $150,000 annually. The cost of maintaining and keeping in repair the aqueduct, reservoirs, and distributing system during the past year was $180,000, leaving a net revenue from Croton water of over $1,200,000 for the previous year.

The cost of the Croton aqueduct, reservoirs, and appurtenances, as completed in 1848, was, $8,575,000, including the purchase of the necessary land and water rights. Since then there has been added to the original cost, for discount on sale of bonds, payment of interest, cost of distributing system, additions and alterations, about $16,000,000, making the cost of the work, as it now stands, near $25,000,000. A large portion of this debt has been extinguished by the redemption of matured bonds.

We are indebted to Mr. VAN NORT for the material for this article, and to Mr. ROCKWOOD for the photographs from which the illustrations on page 81 are made.

# MIDDLEMARCH:

## A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

## BOOK VII.

## TWO TEMPTATIONS.

### CHAPTER LXX.—(*Continued.*)

LYDGATE had just dismissed a poor patient, in whom he was much interested, and he came forward to put out his hand with an open cheerfulness which surprised Mr. Farebrother. Could this too be a proud rejection of sympathy and help? Never mind; the sympathy and help should be offered.

"How are you, Lydgate? I came to see you because I had heard something which made me anxious about you," said the Vicar, in the tone of a good brother, only that there was no reproach in it. They were both seated by this time, and Lydgate answered immediately,

"I think I know what you mean. You had heard that there was an execution in the house?"

"Yes; is it true?"

"It was true," said Lydgate, with an air of freedom, as if he did not mind talking about the affair now. "But the danger is over; the debt is paid. I am out of my difficulties now: I shall be freed from debts, and able, I hope, to start afresh on a better plan."

"I am very thankful to hear it," said the Vicar, falling back in his chair, and speaking with that low-toned quickness which often follows the removal of a load. "I like that better than all the news in the *Times*. I confess I came to you with a heavy heart."

"Thank you for coming," said Lydgate, cordially. "I can enjoy the kindness all the more because I am happier. I have certainly been a good deal crushed. I'm afraid I shall find the bruises still painful by-and-by," he added, smiling rather sadly; "but just now I can only feel that the torture-screw is off."

Mr. Farebrother was silent for a moment, and then said, earnestly, "My dear fellow, let me ask you one question. Forgive me if I take a liberty."

"I don't believe you will ask any thing that ought to offend me."

"Then—this is necessary to set my heart quite at rest—you have not—have you?—in order to pay your debts, incurred another debt which may harass you worse hereafter?"

"No," said Lydgate, coloring slightly. "There is no reason why I should not tell you—since the fact is so—that the person to whom I am indebted is Bulstrode. He has made me a very handsome advance—a thousand pounds—and he can afford to wait for repayment."

"Well, that is generous," said Mr. Farebrother, compelling himself to approve of the man whom he disliked. His delicate feeling shrank from dwelling even in his thought on the fact that he had always urged Lydgate to avoid any personal entanglement with Bulstrode. He added immediately, "And Bulstrode must naturally feel an interest in your welfare, after you have worked with him in a way which has probably reduced your income instead of adding to it. I am glad to think that he has acted accordingly."

Lydgate felt uncomfortable under these kindly suppositions. They made more distinct within him the uneasy consciousness which had shown its first dim stirrings only a few hours before, that Bulstrode's motives for the sudden beneficence following close upon the chillest indifference might be merely selfish. He let the kindly suppositions pass. He could not tell the history of the loan, but it was more vividly present with him than ever, as well as the fact which the Vicar delicately ignored—that this relation of personal indebtedness to Bulstrode was what he had once been most resolved to avoid.

He began, instead of answering, to speak of his projected economies, and of his having come to look at his life from a different point of view.

"I shall set up a surgery," he said. "I really think I made a mistaken effort in that respect. And if Rosamond will not mind, I shall take an apprentice. I don't like these things, but if one carries them out faithfully they are not really lowering. I have had a severe galling to begin with: that will make the small rubs seem easy."

Poor Lydgate! the "if Rosamond will not mind," which had fallen from him involuntarily as part of his thought, was a significant mark of the yoke he bore. But Mr. Farebrother, whose hopes entered strongly into the same current with Lydgate's, and who knew nothing about him that could now raise a melancholy presentiment, left him with affectionate congratulation.

### CHAPTER LXXI.

> "*Clown*. . . 'Twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?
> "*Froth*. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.
> "*Clo*. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths."
> —*Measure for Measure.*

FIVE days after the death of Raffles, Mr. Bambridge was standing at his leisure under the large archway leading into the yard of the Green Dragon. He was not fond of solitary contemplation, but he had only just come out of the house, and any human figure standing at ease under the archway in the early afternoon was as certain to attract companionship as a pigeon which has found something worth pecking at. In this case there was no material object to feed upon, but the eye of reason saw a probability of mental sustenance in the shape of gossip. Mr. Hopkins, the meek-mannered draper opposite, was the first to act on this inward vision, being the more ambitious of a little masculine talk because his customers were chiefly women. Mr. Bambridge was rather curt to the draper, feeling that Hopkins was of course glad to talk to *him*, but that he was not going to waste much of his talk on Hopkins. Soon, however, there was a small cluster of more important listeners, who were either deposited from the passers-by, or had sauntered to the spot expressly to see if there were any thing going on at the Green Dragon; and Mr. Bambridge was finding it worth his while to say many impressive things about the fine studs he had been seeing and the purchases he had made on a journey in the north from which he had just returned. Gentlemen present were assured that when they could show him any thing to cut out a blood mare, a bay, rising four, which was to be seen at Doncaster if they chose to go and look at it, Mr. Bambridge would gratify them by being shot "from here to Hereford." Also, a pair of blacks which he was going to put into the break recalled vividly to his mind a pair which he had sold to Faulkner in '19, for a hundred guineas, and which Faulkner had sold for a hundred and sixty two months later—any gent who could disprove this statement being offered the privilege of calling Mr. Bambridge by a very ugly name until the exercise made his throat dry.

When the discourse was at this point of animation, came up Mr. Frank Hawley. He was not a man to compromise his dignity by lounging at the Green Dragon, but happening to pass along the High Street and seeing Bambridge on the other side, he took some of his long strides across to ask the horse-dealer whether he had found the first-rate gig-horse which he had engaged to look for. Mr. Hawley was requested to wait until he had seen a gray selected at Bilkley: if that did not meet his wishes to a hair, Bambridge did not know a horse when he saw it, which seemed to be the highest conceivable unlikelihood. Mr. Hawley, standing with his back to the street, was fixing a time for looking at the gray and seeing it tried, when a horseman passed slowly by.

"Bulstrode!" said two or three voices at once in a low tone, one of them, which was the draper's, respectfully prefixing the "Mr.," but nobody having more intention in this interjectional naming than if they had said "the Riverston coach" when that vehicle appeared in the distance. Mr. Hawley gave a careless glance round at Bulstrode's back, but as Bambridge's eyes followed it he made a sarcastic grimace.

"By jingo! that reminds me," he began, lowering his voice a little, "I picked up something else at Bilkley besides your gig-horse, Mr. Hawley. I picked up a fine story about Bulstrode. Do you know how he came by his fortune? Any gentleman wanting a bit of curious information, I can give it him free of expense. If every body got their deserts, Bulstrode might have had to say his prayers at Botany Bay."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Hawley, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and pushing a little forward under the archway. If Bulstrode should turn out to be a rascal, Frank Hawley had a prophetic soul.

"I had it from a party who was an old chum of Bulstrode's. I'll tell you where I first picked him up," said Bambridge, with a sudden gesture of his forefinger. "He was at Larcher's sale, but I knew nothing of him then—he slipped through my fingers—was after Bulstrode, no doubt. He tells me he can tap Bulstrode to any amount, knows all his secrets. However, he blabbed to me at Bilkley: he takes a stiff glass. Damme if I think he meant to turn king's evidence; but he's that sort of bragging fellow, the bragging runs over hedge and ditch with him, till he'd brag of a spavin as if it 'ud fetch money. A man should know when to pull up." Mr. Bambridge made this remark with an air of disgust, satisfied that his own bragging showed a fine sense of the marketable.

"What's the man's name? Where can he be found?" said Mr. Hawley.

"As to where he is to be found, I left him at the Saracen's Head; but his name is Raffles."

"Raffles!" exclaimed Mr. Hopkins. "I furnished his funeral yesterday. He was buried at Lowick. Mr. Bulstrode followed him. A very decent funeral."

There was a strong sensation among the listeners. Mr. Bambridge gave an ejaculation in which "brimstone" was the mildest word, and Mr. Hawley, knitting his brows and bending his head forward, exclaimed, "What?—where did the man die?"

"At Stone Court," said the draper. "The housekeeper said he was a relation of the master's. He came there ill on Friday."

"Why, it was on Wednesday I took a glass with him," interposed Bambridge.

"Did any doctor attend him?" said Mr. Hawley.

"Yes, Mr. Lydgate. Mr. Bulstrode sat up with him one night. He died the third morning."

"Go on, Bambridge," said Mr. Hawley, insistently. "What did this fellow say about Bulstrode?"

The group had already become larger, the town-clerk's presence being a guaranty that something worth listening to was going on there; and Mr. Bambridge delivered his narrative in the hearing of seven. It was mainly what we know, including the fact about Will Ladislaw, with some local color and circumstance added: it was what Bulstrode had dreaded the betrayal of—and hoped to have buried forever with the corpse of Raffles—it was that haunting ghost of his earlier life which as he rode past the archway of the Green Dragon he was trusting that Providence had delivered him from. Yes, Providence. He had not confessed to himself yet that he had done any thing in the way of contrivance to this end; he had accepted what seemed to have been offered. It was impossible to prove that he had done any thing which hastened the departure of that man's soul.

But this gossip about Bulstrode spread through Middlemarch like the smell of fire. Mr. Frank Hawley followed up his information by sending a clerk whom he could trust to Stone Court on a pretext of inquiring about hay, but really to gather all that could be learned about Raffles and his illness from Mrs. Abel. In this way it came to his knowledge that Mr. Garth had carried the man to Stone Court in his gig; and Mr. Hawley in consequence took an opportunity of seeing Caleb, calling at his office to ask whether he had time to undertake an arbitration if it were required, and then asking him incidentally about Raffles. Caleb was betrayed into no word injurious to Bulstrode, beyond the fact which he was forced to admit that he had given up acting for him within the last week. Mr. Hawley drew his inferences, and feeling convinced that Raffles had told his story to Garth, and that Garth had given up Bulstrode's affairs in consequence, said so a few hours later to Mr. Toller. The statement was passed on until it had quite lost the stamp of an inference, and was taken as information coming straight from Garth, so that even a diligent historian might have concluded Caleb to be the chief publisher of Bulstrode's misdemeanors.

Mr. Hawley was not slow to perceive that there was no handle for the law either in the revelations made by Raffles or in the circumstances of his death. He had himself ridden to Lowick village that he might look at the register and talk over the whole matter with Mr. Farebrother, who was not more surprised than the lawyer that an ugly secret should have come to light about Bulstrode, though he had always had justice enough in him to hinder his antipathy from turning into conclusions. But while they were talking another combination was silently going forward in Mr. Farebrother's mind, which foreshadowed what was soon to be loudly spoken of in Middlemarch as a necessary "putting of two and two together." With the reasons which kept Bulstrode in dread of Raffles there flashed the thought that the dread might have something to do with his munificence toward his medical man; and though he resisted the suggestion that it had been consciously accepted in any way as a bribe, he had a foreboding that this complication of things might be of malignant effect on Lydgate's reputation. He perceived that Mr. Hawley knew nothing at present of the sudden relief from debt, and he himself was careful to glide away from all approaches toward the subject.

"Well," he said, with a deep breath, wanting to wind up the illimitable discussion of what might have been, though nothing could be legally proven, "it is a strange story. So our mercurial Ladislaw has a queer genealogy! A high-spirited young lady and a musical Polish patriot made a likely enough stock for him to spring from, but I should never have suspected a grafting of the Jew pawnbroker. However, there's no knowing what a mixture will turn out beforehand. Some sorts of dirt serve to clarify."

"It's just what I should have expected," said Mr. Hawley, mounting his horse. "Any cursed alien blood—Jew, Corsican, or Gypsy."

"I know he's one of your black sheep, Hawley. But he is really a disinterested, unworldly fellow," said Mr. Farebrother, smiling.

"Ay, ay, that is your Whiggish twist," said Mr. Hawley, who had been in the habit of saying apologetically that Farebrother was such a damned pleasant, good-hearted fellow, you would mistake him for a Tory.

Mr. Hawley rode home without thinking of Lydgate's attendance on Raffles in any other light than as a piece of evidence on the side of Bulstrode. But the news that Lydgate had all at once become able not only to get rid of the execution in his house but to pay all his debts in Middlemarch, was spreading fast, gathering round it conjectures and comments which gave it new body and impetus, and soon filling the ears of other persons besides Mr. Hawley, who were not slow to see a significant relation between this sudden command of money and Bulstrode's desire to stifle the scandal of Raffles. That the money came from Bulstrode would infallibly have been guessed, even if there had been no direct evidence of it; for it had beforehand entered into the gossip about Lydgate's affairs, that neither his father-in-law nor his own family would do any thing for him, and direct evidence was furnished not only by a clerk at the Bank, but by innocent Mrs. Bulstrode herself, who mentioned the loan to Mrs. Plymdale, who mentioned it to her daughter-in-law of the house of Toller, who mentioned it generally. The business was felt to be so public and important that it required dinners to feed it, and many invitations were just then issued and accepted on the strength of this scandal concerning Bulstrode and Lydgate; wives, widows, and single ladies took their work and went out to tea oftener than usual; and all public conviviality, from the Green Dragon to Dollop's, gathered a zest which could not be won from the question whether the Lords would throw out the Reform Bill.

For hardly any body doubted that some scandalous reason or other was at the bottom of Bulstrode's liberality to Lydgate. Mr. Hawley, indeed, in the first instance, invited a select party, including the two physicians, with Mr. Toller and Mr. Wrench, expressly to hold a close discussion as to the probabilities of Raffles's illness, reciting to them all the particulars which had been gathered from Mrs. Abel in connection with Lydgate's certificate, that the death was due to *delirium tremens*; and the medical gentlemen, who all stood undisturbedly on the old paths in relation to this disease, declared that they could see nothing in these particulars which could be transformed into a positive ground of suspicion. But the moral grounds of suspicion remained: the strong motives Bulstrode clearly had for wishing to be rid of Raffles, and the fact that at this critical moment he had given Lydgate the help which he must for some time have known the need for; the disposition, moreover, to believe that Bulstrode would be unscrupulous, and the absence of any indisposition to believe that Lydgate might be as easily bribed as other haughty-minded men when they have found themselves in want of money. Even if the money had been given merely to make him hold his tongue about the scandal of Bulstrode's earlier life, the fact threw an odious light on Lydgate, who had long been sneered at as making himself subservient to the banker for the sake of working himself into predominance, and discrediting the elder members of his profession. Hence, in spite of the negative as to any direct sign of guilt in relation to the death at Stone Court, Mr. Hawley's select party broke up with the sense that the affair had "an ugly look."

But this vague conviction of indeterminable guilt, which was enough to keep up much head-shaking and biting innuendo even among substantial professional seniors, had for the general mind all the superior power of mystery over fact. Every body liked better to conjecture how the thing was, than simply to know it; for conjecture soon became more confident than knowledge, and had a more liberal allowance for the incompatible. Even the more definite scandal concerning Bulstrode's earlier life was, for some minds, melted into the mass of mystery, as so much lively metal to be poured out in dialogue, and to take such fantastic shapes as Heaven pleased.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WIFE asked her husband for a new dress. He replied, "Times are hard, my dear—so hard I can hardly keep my nose above water." Whereupon she retorted, "You can keep your nose above water easy enough, if you've a mind to; but the trouble is that you keep it too much above brandy."

"Poor but respectable people" are common enough; but what we want now is a few who are rich and respectable.

A gushing poet asks in the first line of a recent effusion, "How many weary pilgrims lie?" We give it up, but experience has taught us that there are a good many.

A drunkard, on being told that the earth is round and turns on its axis all the time, said: "I believe that, for I've never been able to stand on the darned thing."

"What are you drawing, Anna?" "I's making your pictur'." So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away very earnestly for a while. Then she stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "I don't like it much," she said. "'Tain't a great deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it, and call it a dog."

The woman who never watched her neighbors is said to be a cousin to the woman who did not know how many dresses her sister-in-law had.

VISITOR. "Mr. Thompson in?"

IRISH SERVANT. "No, Sir; he ain't come home yet, Sir."

VISITOR. "H'm! that's very awkward. When can I see him?"

IRISH SERVANT. "Shure I dunno, Sir; when he's in he's always out, Sir!"

A down East editor says his experience in journalism teaches him that there is nothing in this world that will so disgust and sicken the general reader as to learn, after wading through the particulars of an awful accident, that there is a probability of the victim's recovery.

What is the difference between fixed stars and shooting-stars?—The one are suns, the others darters.

How many sick people wish they were healthy;
How many beggar men wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones wish they were witty;
How many bachelors wish they were married;
How many benedicts wish they had tarried;
Single or double, life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

Why can persons occupied in canning fruit store away more of it than any body else?—Because they *can*.

BUS CONDUCTORS—Lips.

A gentleman, on leaving a hotel where he had been stopping several days, rewarded the attention of an obliging servant with a gratuity. "Ah," said the man, "long may your honor live, and may I make your fires *hereafter!*"

Beer, like a flea, is subject to hops.

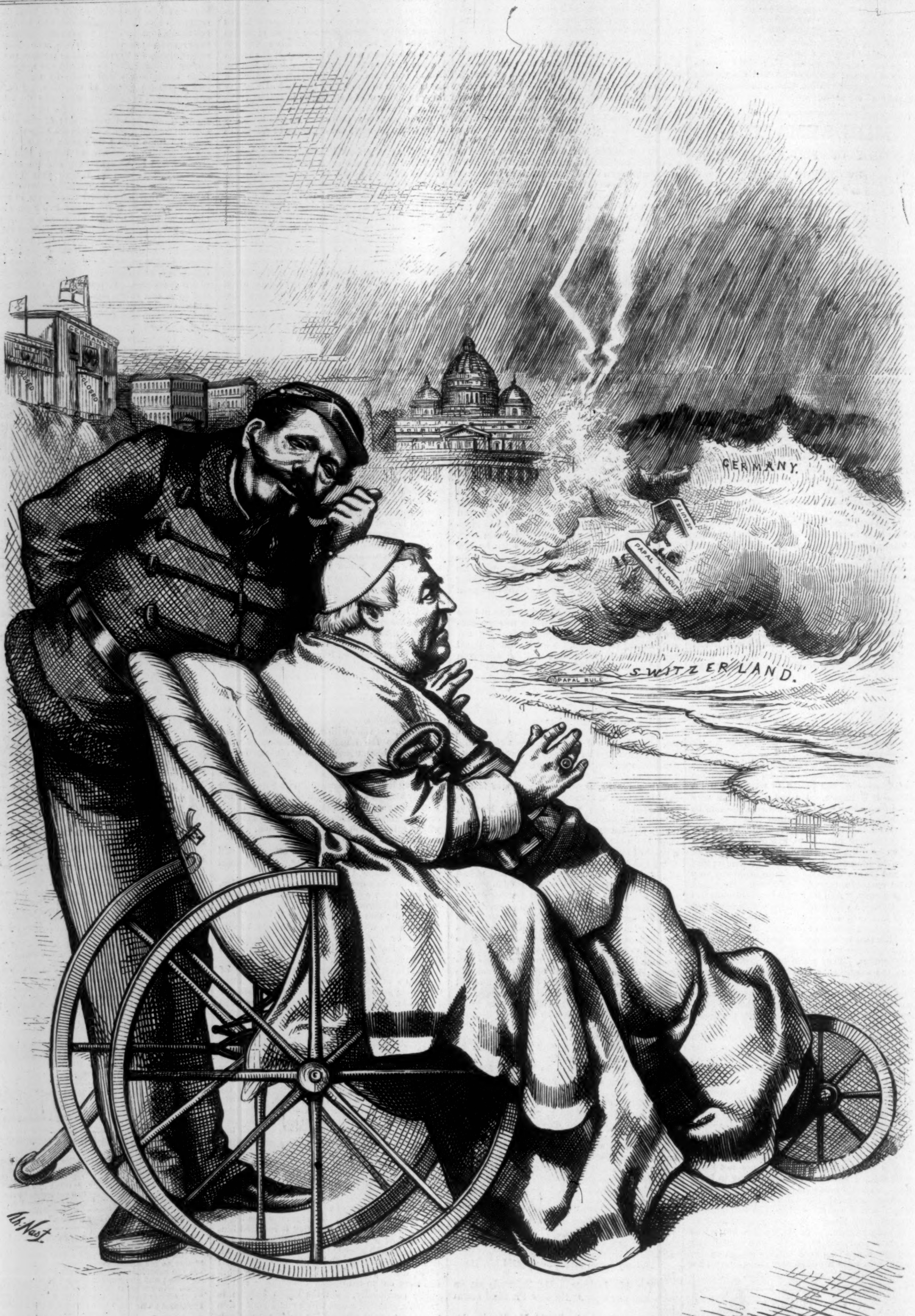
One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, "Where is your mother?" She answered, diffidently, "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, Sir; but he is sick." "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, Sir." "Indeed!" "Yes, Sir." "Then why don't he cut it off?" "Please, Sir," responded the little maid, "he hain't got any money to buy a knife."

A SERIOUS TURN—The twist of one's neck.

"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class—"now, then, as to hens: A hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs, and no more; and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now what is to be done with her after that?" "Cut off her head, and sell her for a *spring chicken!*" exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

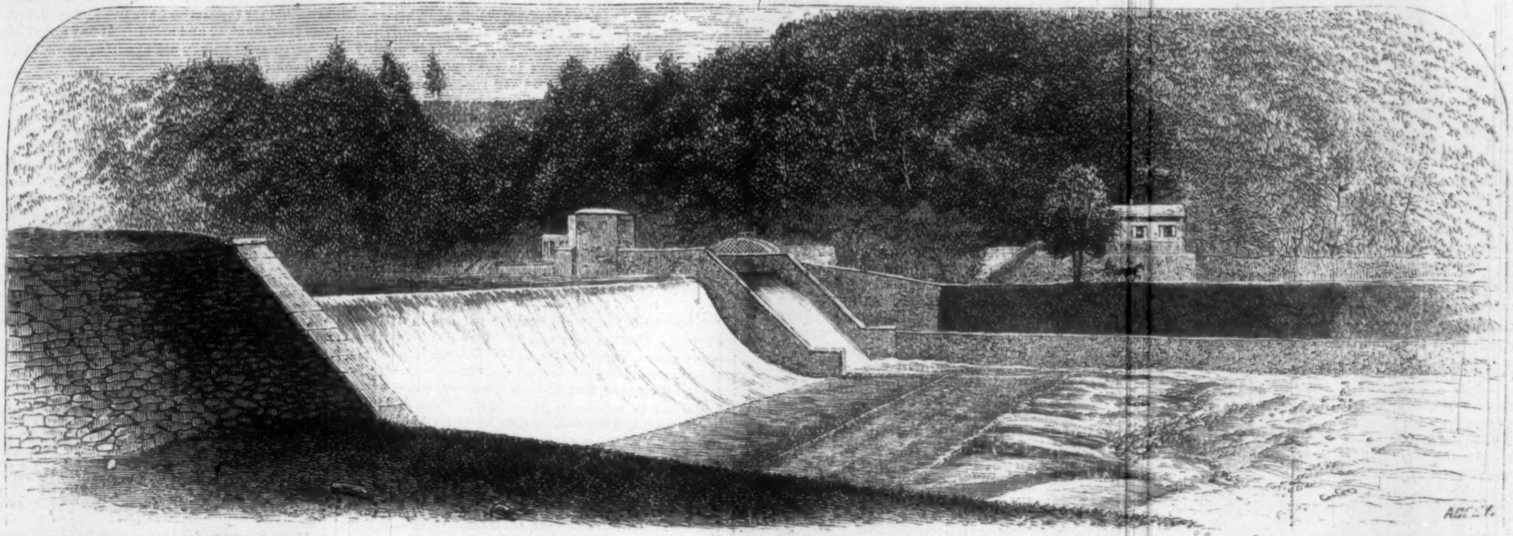
AN ATTACHED COUPLE—The shells of an oyster.

"We niver had no ventilashun when I lived wit' auld squire: nowt o' t' sort," said an old servant to his master. "You must have had some ventilation, Tom," said the master, as he looked at the well-stuffed-up stable; "your cattle could not have lived without it." "Mebbe; but I niver seed it, nor naw sike thing; and I knawed ivery thing that coomed in and out o' t' place."

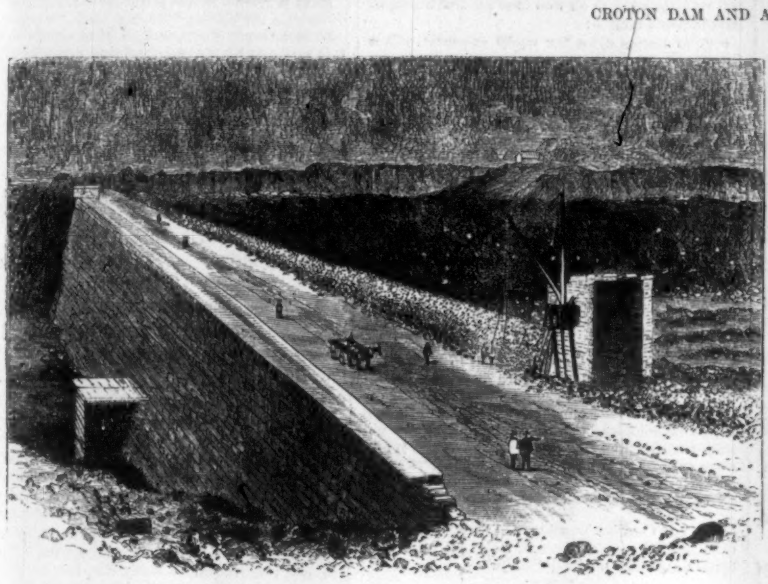

GERMANY
CLOSED
CLOSED
GERMANY.
JESUITS
PAPAL ALLOCUTION
PAPAL BULL
SWITZERLAND.
Th. Nast.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE AT THE HOLY SEÆ SIDE.

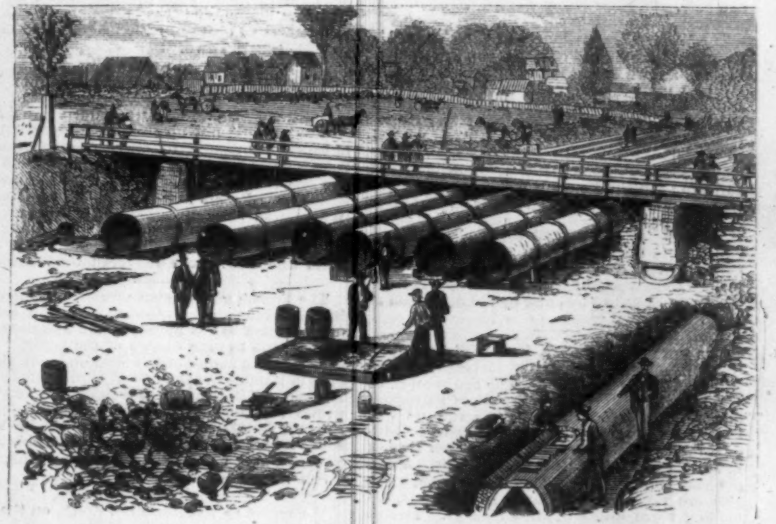
V. E. "WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING, SAYING, SISTER, TO THEE?"



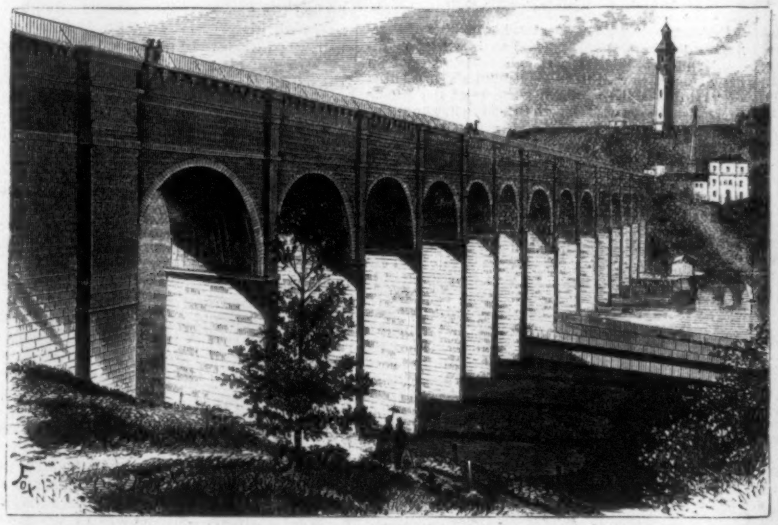
CROTON DAM AND AQUEDUCT GATE-HOUSE.



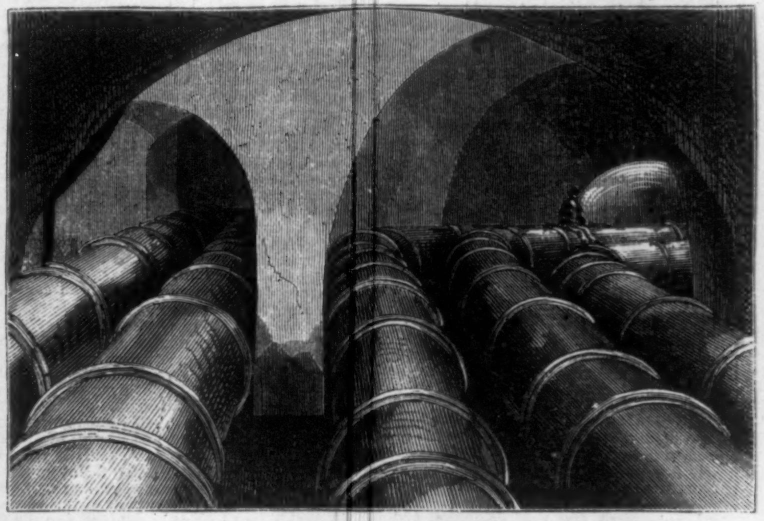
STORAGE RESERVOIR DAM AT BOYD'S CORNERS.



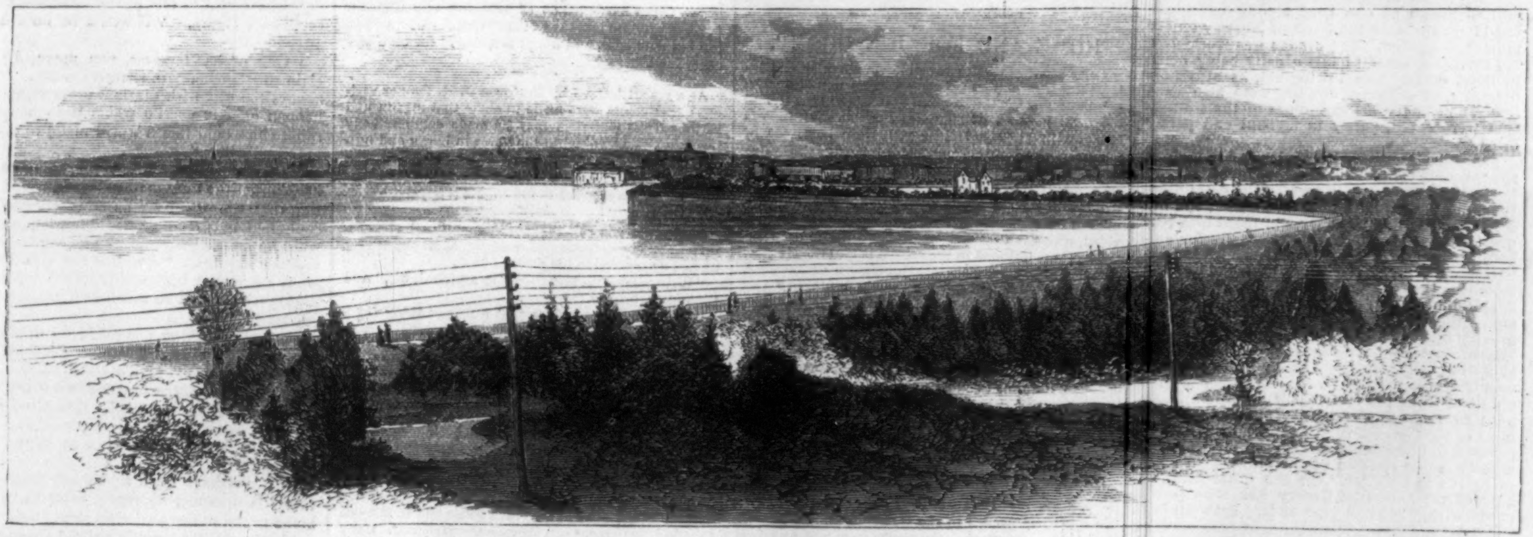
LAYING CROTON WATER MAINS ON TENTH AVENUE.



HIGH BRIDGE, ENGINE HOUSE, AND TOWER.



PIPE VAULT BELOW GATE-HOUSE IN CENTRAL PARK.



CROTON WATER RESERVOIR IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE WATER WE DRINK, AND WHERE WE GET IT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE instances of the alleged occurrence of the true shad in the waters of the Mississippi Valley appear to be multiplying. We have already referred to its existence in several streams in Alabama, in the Ouachita, and at Hot Springs, Arkansas. We are now informed by Dr. MIDDLETON GOLDSMITH, one of the Fish Commissioners of Vermont, that he has on several occasions seen shad at the falls of the Ohio, near Louisville; and Dr. W. E. TURNER, of the United States army, sends us an account of their occurrence as actually observed by him in the Neosho River, at Neosho Falls, Kansas, and also in the Wabash River, near Mount Carmel, Illinois. He saw them taken at this last-mentioned locality in considerable numbers as early as 1855-56, and recognized them as the true shad. The following spring he saw them taken by thousands in seines, and, not knowing what they were, the men who took them threw them again into the river or to the hogs. In consequence of a law abolishing the use of the seine in the larger portion of the State, only a limited number are taken at present, and with hand-lines only. The fish are, however, better appreciated now than at first.

If these facts do not apply to a different species, they show that the true shad may pass up from the mouth of the Mississippi to a distance of at least 1500 miles, rendering it absolutely certain that efforts for stocking these rivers effectually will meet with ample success. We shall be much indebted to any readers of the *Weekly* for additional information in regard to the occurrence of shad in the waters of the Mississippi Valley, with indications of the precise locality and date.

The Water Commissioners of the city of Albany lately employed Professor C. F. CHANDLER, the well-known expert in such matters, to make a report upon the water of the Hudson River above Albany, with a view of ascertaining its availability for the supply of that city. He reports that the most critical scrutiny has failed to reveal any thing to sight, taste, smell, or chemical examination that can be considered as throwing the slightest suspicion upon the purity of the water of the Hudson, or on its fitness for a wholesome beverage; and, furthermore, that owing to an unusual combination of circumstances the aeration of the water, so necessary to render it palatable, has been accomplished thoroughly by Glenn's Falls, the Falls of the Mohawk at Cohoes, and by the State dam at Troy.

The work of Dr. COUES, just published, upon the birds of the United States, includes a synopsis of the fossil forms supplied by Professor O. C. MARSH, who has made this branch of paleontology a special study. He enumerates no less than 29 species, to which number must be added several others discovered by Professor MARSH in his late trip to the Rocky Mountains. A single kind belongs to the woodpecker tribe, while two are raptorial and three gallinaceous, including three kinds of wild turkeys. Twelve are waders and eleven are swimmers.

In a neatly printed pamphlet before us, by Professor FRANK H. SNOW, of the University of Kansas, we have a catalogue of the birds of that State. This embraces 282 species actually observed within the limits of Kansas, most of them collected by the author, who has little doubt that the number observed will before long reach 300. One hundred and twenty-six of the species are marked in the catalogue as known to breed in the State.

A scientific commission for the investigation of the natural and physical history of the German seas, with its head-quarters at Kiel, has been in existence for several years, and under the supervision of its president, Dr. H. A. MEYER (a brother-in-law of Senator SCHURZ), has already succeeded in collecting and determining many interesting facts. Dr. MEYER, in reporting the result of this summer's work, remarks that although the discoveries in general may be somewhat inferior in interest to those of some of the preceding seasons, yet that much progress has been made in accomplishing the objects of the survey. The work was principally performed on board the *Pommerania*, a German government vessel, assigned to this duty, and which left Kiel on the 21st of July and returned on the 9th of November, having, therefore, been occupied nearly four months. Several harbors of other nations were visited during the cruise for the sake of obtaining provisions and coal.

The equipment was very complete, and included steam apparatus for working the dredge and sounding-line. The weather was very favorable, much more so than in the previous year, although at one time a long-continued wind kept them on the coast of Norway longer than they desired. The dredge was worked in 127 localities, several hauls usually being made in most cases. The towing-net, as also nets dragging at different depths, were also used freely, and numerous specimens of the sea-bottom were saved, partly in alcohol and partly dried.

The collections have been intrusted to various specialists in Germany for further investigation. Particular attention was paid to the determination of the gases found in the sea-water; and the services of Dr. JACOBSEN were brought into requisition to devise apparatus especially for collecting samples of the water. The surface temperature was noted in 260 localities, and in most instances that at various depths recorded, the whole number of water temperatures taken amounting to 600. Over 500 tests of the specific gravity of the water were taken on the voyage. Meteorological observations were also recorded, as well as the indications of the surface and of deeply seated currents. Important facts were obtained from the Norwegian fishermen in regard to the fisheries. They stated that only once in the past century, and at no time in the present, did the herring keep so far from the usually fished portion of the Norwegian coast as in the last winter. On the other hand, an especially productive fishery has been prosecuted within the last year or two between latitudes 66° and 69°. It was thought possible that the fish had changed their breeding ground, although there were no certain data for this opinion.

Reference is made by Dr. MEYER to the fact that in view of the great importance of the fisheries to Norway, that government has kept two eminent scientists occupied—Dr. AXEL BOECK with the herring, and Dr. SARS with other species.

A partial report of operations on the Northwest Boundary line during the year 1872 has been sent in to Congress by Mr. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, the commissioner. The work commenced at a very late period during the past summer, as the appropriations for the purpose were not available until the 1st of July. It is expected, however, that the portion of the line between the Red River and the Lake of the Woods will be accurately determined and marked, the work of the next season to commence at a point where the Pembina River crosses the boundary. An estimate is presented for conducting the work in 1873 on a large scale, the force available under the present appropriation being entirely inadequate to do justice to it, or to meet properly the corresponding arrangement on the part of Great Britain. A detail from the battalion of engineers is urged by the commissioners as facilitating and economizing the operations of the commission, as well as placing it upon a more equal footing to that of the British commission. It is thought this will enable the commissioner to dispense with an escort of soldiers, whose services would otherwise be necessary.

A well-known British explorer, in the person of Commander ALEXANDER JOHN SMITH, has recently died at Sandhurst, Victoria. This gentleman was lieutenant on board the *Erebus*, under Captain Sir JAMES CLARK ROSS, in the expedition to investigate the magnetism of the antarctic region, and was subsequently one of the officers in charge of the magnetic observatory at Hobart Town.

We rejoice to learn, by a circular from Mr. CHARLES STODDER, that the burning of his establishment in Milk Street during the late Boston fire did not involve the destruction of any of the magnificent microscopes and telescopes made by Mr. ROBERT B. TOLLES, and for the sale of which he is the agent. The merits of the instruments made by the Boston Optical Works, under the direction of Mr. TOLLES, are well known to all microscopists throughout the country, and any considerable destruction of them would have been a severe blow to science.

The French government proposes to reorganize the French observatories, and by a decree of November 25 has appointed an astronomical commission to take charge of the labor. This embraces the names of the most eminent physicists in France, and their conclusions will doubtless carry with them great weight. Among the names mentioned are MM. BELGRAND, FAYE, FIZEAU, GUILLOT, JANSSEN, LESPIAUT, LE VERRIER, LÖWY, PUISEUX, RAYET, ROCHE, CHARLES SAINTE CLAIRE DEVILLE, STÉPHAN, WOLF, and YVON-VILLARCEAU.

We regret to announce the death, on the 9th of December, at Brighton, of Mr. JOHN KEAST LORD, the manager of the great aquarium of that city. Mr. LORD some months ago had an attack of paralysis, which, however, did not at the time threaten to terminate so speedily in his death. Mr. LORD was well known in this country from having been connected with the British division of the Northwest Boundary Survey from 1857 to 1861, the American branch of which had Mr. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL as its head, with Dr. KENNERLY occupying the position of zoologist. His notes on the natural history of British Columbia and Vancouver Island were published in book form under the title of *The Naturalist in British Columbia*. After his return from America he was engaged by the Viceroy of Egypt to make some examinations in that country, prior to which he was connected with the London periodical, *Land and Water*. He was called from Egypt to take charge of the Brighton Aquarium, which, however, his premature death prevented him from conducting for any great length of time.

The female hippopotamus of the Zoological Gardens of London has recently given birth, for the third time, to a young one. The first was born February 2, 1871, but lived only three days. In less than a year, namely, January 7, 1872, a second was born, which, like its predecessor, lived only three days, and during the whole of its life did not attempt to suck. A third made its appearance on the 5th of November, 1872, and at the latest advices was doing well. Great care was taken to prevent any disturbance of the parent on the part of spectators, and the young animal now sucks its mother freely, and there is a fair prospect of its being successfully reared.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE census statistics reveal some singular and interesting information on ecclesiastical matters. The population of the thirty-seven States is 38,115,641, and the total number of churches for this multitude is 62,522, with 21,395,542 sittings, leaving 16,720,099 of our people apparently unprovided for. Making due allowance for the population under ten years of age, who might not be considered church-going, there would still remain nearly one-sixth of our entire population for whom no church accommodations are provided, which is a serious subject for reflection. A curious fact mentioned in the census is that the six New England States, with a white population of 3,445,043, have but 5421 churches, while the six Southern States upon the Atlantic, with a white population of 3,450,903, or virtually the same, have 11,567 churches. The Methodist denomination is the most numerous, and the Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic, Christian (or Campbellites), Lutheran, Congregational, Episcopal, and German Reformed follow in the order named. The wealth of the leading denominations stands in the following order: Methodist, Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational.

Since fires in New York city have become a daily and nightly event, the question has been asked and reiterated, "Are our hotels safe?" It becomes a matter of no small importance to the traveling public, and to those who live more permanently in hotels, to know what are the means of escape in case of fire, and what provision is made for extinguishing flames. Doubtless every hotel proprietor indulges the vague belief that the provision made on his own premises is sufficient. Investigation shows that in many cases the greatest care is taken to provide protection and means of escape from fire. The stairways are many, wide, and conveniently located, water is abundantly supplied, and the elevators partially fire-proof. But it is equally true that many hotels are in such condition that they may any night become the scene of appalling disaster. Wood sheathed with corrugated iron has been proved to be highly dangerous; common-sense would inform any one that an elevator constructed of pine would be a fearful flue for fire; stairways wide and easy of access are essential to the safety of dwellers in any large building; and in this age of the world no populous hotel should be destitute of water-pipes, even in the upper stories. There is certainly need in large cities that the most vigorous supervision be exercised to prevent halls, theatres, churches, hotels, and indeed all buildings, from being so constructed as to invite danger and death.

A rough winter we are having: ushered in with severe cold, that has been followed by a pitiless series—heavy snows, violent gales, drifted streets, impassable streets, slushy streets, icy streets, dense fogs, wintry rains, ice-clogged and broken telegraph wires, accumulations of ashes and garbage, perpetual difficulty in city travel, and a host of concomitant troubles. In August we sigh for cooling breezes, but what do we sigh for now?

In a number of the first newspaper published in America, bearing date, "Boston, Thursday, September 25, 1690," occurred the following record, which will be interesting to all who have an attachment to the Old South Church:

"Altho' Boston did a few weeks ago meet with a Disaster by *Fire*, which consumed about *twenty Houses* near the *Mill Creek*, yet about midnight, between the sixteenth and seventeenth of this Instant, *another Fire* broke forth near the *South Meeting-House*, which consumed about five or six houses, and had almost carried the Meeting-house itself, one of the fairest Edifices in the Country, if God had not remarkably assisted the Endeavours of the People to put out the fire. There were two more considerable Circumstances in the Calamities of this Fire; one was that a young man belonging to the House where the Fire began unhappily perished in the Flames; it seems that tho' he might sooner awake than some others who did escape, yet he some way lost those Wits that should have taught him to help himself. Another was that the best furnished PRINTING PRESS of those few that we know of in *America* was lost—a loss not presently to be repaired."

Nobody should expect to be unusually excellent in every, or even in many departments. Almost every one can do well in *something*, but not in *every thing*. It is often a matter needing nice discrimination for man or woman to understand in what direction the abilities lie. Washington Irving was once asked to lecture before a lyceum. He replied that he was not skilled in that kind of mental exercise. N. P. Willis, when once asked to make a speech, replied, "I am by profession a writer, and you can not expect a pump to give water from the handle as well as from the mouth."

The Fire Commissioners have at length undertaken to inspect "the means of escape from theatres, school-houses, and other public buildings."

Boston meditates expansion. A proposition is before the Legislature for the annexation of all the surrounding towns.

Perhaps there were never a greater number of thoroughly distressed church-goers than on Sunday morning, January 5, 1873. It was only those who got up early enough to read "Old Probabilities's" prediction of "rain over the southern portions of the Middle States," and were wise enough to believe it, who armed themselves with umbrellas and overshoes; for although the skies looked dubious when church-bells began to ring, that being their chronic condition nowadays, no special attention was paid to the fact. But scarcely had thousands of worshipers seated themselves in their pews before the violent rain came pelting upon roofs and windows. Anxious words and looks were interchanged, and hope suggested "only a shower." But when the services were closed the pitiless storm still raged. In vain they lingered in church and vestibule—the great throng, umbrellaless, overshoeless, water-proofless. Some, with thoughtful friends at home, were relieved, but hundreds plunged their defenseless feet ankle-deep into the surging slush, bared their best beavers and bonnet-ribbons to the raging storm, and took the shortest route home. How many colds and coughs and fevers and illnesses of all sorts must be laid to the exposures of that day can not easily be reckoned.

During the year 1872 no less than thirty human beings miserably perished in burning buildings. This fact is a text that needs no sermon.

Apparently England has too much land devoted to ornamental parks and hunting grounds, and too little to agricultural cultivation. It has been estimated that between the harvest-time of 1872 and 1873 England must expend no less than $175,000,000 for wheat from foreign countries, and about $50,000,000 for corn and other food.

At a recent lecture by Professor J. H. Pepper various experiments were made to show that muslin and various dress materials may be made comparatively incombustible by dipping the fibres in borax and other chemical solutions. The advantage of using such preparations in the case of those who, in stage performances, are exposed to foot-lights is apparent.

"What do you call that?" indignantly asked a customer at a cheap restaurant, pointing at an object that he had discovered in his plate of hash.

"Wristband with sleeve-button attached, Sir," said the waiter, briskly.

"Well, do you consider that a proper thing for a man to find in his hash?" asked the customer, in wrath.

"Good heavens, Sir?" cried the waiter, "would you expect to find a ten-dollar silk umbrella in a fifteen-cent plate of hash?"

It is very curious how feelings, both mental and physical, affect the color of the hair. Sudden fright or grief will often blanch the hair, as has been proved by many well-known instances. Long-continued anxiety and protracted sorrow have also a marked influence upon the hair, causing it to turn white and to fall off, especially in persons of a nervous temperament. Many cases are on record of those who have suffered severely with nervous headache becoming prematurely gray. Physicians also state that dyspepsia and nervous debility affect the color and healthy growth of the hair. It is well known that severe and constant mental effort produces a like result. It might be interesting to notice whether those who have lived an easy, joyous life, free from anxiety and sorrow—if any such there are—preserve their hair to old age in somewhat of its natural color and vigor.

Parisian shop-keepers seem to make a point of cheating American purchasers. Every traveler has had personal experience in this matter—some to their very serious cost. The shop-keepers do not appear to be ashamed of this practice, or even to keep it secret. They think Americans are very rich, and resolve to get out of them every thing possible. Any foreigner who does not wish to be cheated in Paris must know how to "drive a bargain." The *Belgravia* gives a curious example:

"Two gentlemen and their wives went one day to the markets on a wager. A list was made out, so that the two were to purchase exactly the same articles and the same qualities of food—so much fish, so much vegetables, so much beef for soup, so much mutton for roasting, so much poultry, and the like. One of them was to bargain and get things as cheap as he could; the other was to give whatever was asked. They were not to go round together, but within half an hour of each other; and the bet was a breakfast for the whole party at Bignon's that the gentleman who did not bargain with the dealers would have to pay double what he who did bargain paid for his supplies—not one by one, but taken as a whole. It turned out that the non-bargaining purchaser paid not only double, but more than three times what the other had done, and yet both had got the very same articles, and the same quantity and quality of each."

Many persons—besides school-boys and college students—use the phrase, "He is a brick," without the least idea that it is supposed to be of classic origin! It is said that King Agesilaus, being asked by an embassador from Epirus why they had no walls for Sparta, replied, "We have." Pointing to his marshaled army, he said, "There are the walls of Sparta: every man you see is a brick."

(Continued from No. 837, page 35.)

# STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

## Book the First.

### CHAPTER V.

"Well, you may, you must, set down to me
Love that was life, life that was love;
A tenure of breath at your lips' decree,
A passion to stand as your thoughts approve,
A rapture to fall where your foot might be."

THE gypsy tea went off brilliantly. The fuel-collecting and fire-making and kettle-boiling afforded ample sport for those wilder and more youthful spirits whose capacity for flirtation was not yet exhausted. Fred Melvin belonged to that harmless class of young men who, although in the dull round of daily life but moderately gifted, shine forth with unexpected lustre on such an occasion as this, and prove themselves what their friends call "an acquisition." He fanned life and light into a hopelessly obstinate fire, with his coat tails for an extemporaneous bellows; he showed a profound knowledge of engineering in his method of placing the kettle on the burning logs, so as not immediately to extinguish the flames he had just coaxed into being.

"I don't think there was any thing so very wonderful in Watt inventing the steam-engine," said Miss Melvin, standing by and admiring her brother's dexterity; "I believe Fred would have been quite as likely to hit upon it, if it hadn't been done before his time."

They drank tea in little scattered groups: the elders foregathering in small knots to talk scandal or parish business, or to indulge in mild jeremiads upon the frivolity and general empty-headedness of the rising generation, their own sons and daughters and nephews and nieces not excepted; the juniors to disport themselves after their kind, with inexhaustible nothings, vapid utterances which filled the soul of Elizabeth with contempt.

She carried her tea-cup away to a lonely little bit of bank where the rushes on the shelving shore grew high enough to screen her from the rest of the company, and sat here alone, in languid contemplation of the quiet water, and all the glories of the sunset reflected in that smooth tide.

Fred Melvin, seeing the white dress vanishing beyond the trees, would fain have gone in pursuit, but the Luttrell sisters prevented him.

"Elizabeth has one of her headaches, I dare say," said Diana. "It would be no use going after her."

"One of her tempers, you mean, Di!" exclaimed Blanche, with sisterly candor. "That's always the way with Lizzie if every thing doesn't happen exactly as she wants it to happen. I think she would like a world made to order, on purpose for her."

"I hope we haven't done any thing to offend her," cried the anxious Frederick, whose adoration of "the Beauty," as chief goddess of his soul, had never suffered diminution, not even when he amused himself by offering his homage at lesser shrines. "Perhaps she didn't like our going off in the boat without her; but it really couldn't have held so much as a lap-dog beyond our load."

"As if any thing *you* could do would offend her!" exclaimed the impetuous Blanche, always ready to rebuke Mr. Melvin's vain passion. "Do you think she wanted to come in our boat? She would have given her ears for that *tête-à-tête* row with Mr. Forde, only I suppose it didn't answer."

"Blanche, how can you be so absurd!" cried Gertrude.

"If you don't learn to behave yourself with common decency, we really must leave you at home in the nursery another time," said Diana.

Mr. Forde was happily beyond the hearing of this little explosion. He was in infinite request among the matrons of the party, who all regarded him more or less as a modern St. Francis de Sales, and who gave him not a little trouble by their insistence upon communicating small facts relating to their spiritual progress; little sentimental gushes of feeling which he did his best to check, his ideas of his duty being of the broadest and grandest character. He would rather have had the conversion of all the hardened or remorseful felons at Portland or Dartmoor on his hands than these gushing matrons and sentimental spinsters, who could not travel the smallest stage of their journey toward the heavenly Jerusalem without being propped and sustained by him.

Nor was it pleasant to listen to little laments about the vicar. "A kind, generous-minded man, Mr. Forde, and very good to the poor, I believe, in his own careless way—but so unspiritual! We hardly knew what light was till you came among us." And so on, and so on. He was glad to slip away from the elder tea-drinkers, and stroll in and out among the giant beech boles, with the gay sound of youthful laughter and happy idle talk filling the atmosphere around him.

He lingered to say a few words to Gertrude Luttrell and her party, and then looked round the circle curiously, as if missing some one.

"I don't see your sister," he said at last, "Miss Elizabeth."

Miss Luttrell colored furiously.

"Lizzie has strayed off somewhere," she said. "She appears to prefer the company of her own thoughts to *our* society. Perhaps had she known you would express so much anxiety about her, she would have staid."

"I am not particularly anxious," replied Mr. Forde, with his thoughtful smile—a smile which lent sudden life and brightness to the dark grave face. "Only I have it on my conscience that I kept your sister on the river a long while under a blazing sun, and I feared she might be too tired to enjoy herself with the rest of you. Can I take her a cup of tea?"

"I don't think I would, if I were you," cried Fred Melvin, who was in a picturesque attitude, half kneeling, half reclining at the feet of Blanche Luttrell, while his cousin Jane Harrison, for whom there was some dim notion of his ripening into a husband by-and-by, sat looking on with an aggrieved air. "I took her a second cup just now," grumbled Fred, "and very nearly got my nose snapped off for my pains."

Not an encouraging statement; but Mr. Forde was not afraid of any attacks upon his nose: was not that feature in a manner sanctified by his profession and the very high rate at which the curate race is held three hundred miles from London? He was in no wise deterred by Mr. Melvin's plaint, but went off at once in quest of Elizabeth.

"I saddened her with that melancholy story," he thought. "Perhaps I ought not to have told her. Yet I think she is the kind of woman a man might dare to choose out of all other women for his friend. I think she is of a different stuff from the rest of Hawleigh womankind. She has shown herself superior to them all in her power to win the love of the poor. And we could never be friends until she knew my story, and knew that the word 'love' has been blotted from the book of my life."

It was a new fancy of Mr. Forde's, this desire that there should really be friendship—something more than the every-day superficial acquaintance engendered by church decoration and croquet—between himself and Elizabeth Luttrell. It was not to be in the slightest degree sentimental—the popular platonic idea. The Madame-Récamier-and-Châteaubriand kind of thing had never entered into his thoughts, nor did he mean that they should see any more of each other than they had done heretofore; only that there should be confidence and trust between them instead of strangeness.

He found her presently on her bank by the Tabor, seated in a thoughtful attitude, and casting little tufts of moss and lady's-slipper idly upon the tide. She had arrayed herself with a studied simplicity for this rustic gathering, perhaps fully conscious that she was one of the few women who can afford to dispense with frillings and puffings and ruchings—the whole framework of beauty, as it were. She wore a plain white muslin gown, high to the throat, round which she had tied a dark blue ribbon—the true Oxford blue, almost black against the ivory white of her neck. The long dark ribbon made a rippling line to the perfect waist—perfect in its exquisite proportion to the somewhat full and stately figure—the waist of a Juno rather than a sylph. Her head was uncovered, and the low sunlight lit up all the bronze tints in her dark brown hair; shone, too, in the luminous gray eyes, fixed dreamily upon the gleaming water. Mr. Forde stood for a few moments a little way off, admiring her—simply as he would have admired a picture, of course.

His footsteps made a faint rustling among the rushes as he came nearer to her, and she looked round suddenly, and all her face flushed crimson at sight of him.

That blush would have elevated Fred Melvin to the seventh heaven; but Malcolm Forde was no coxcomb, and did not attribute the heightened tint to any magical power of his own. She was nervous, perhaps, and he had startled her by his sudden approach; or she might be indeed, as her friends had suggested, a little out of temper, and annoyed at being tracked to her lair.

"Don't be angry with me for disturbing your solitary musings, Miss Elizabeth," he said, very much detesting the ceremonial Miss; "but I really don't think you're enjoying your father's picnic quite as much as you ought for your own satisfaction and that of your friends."

"I hate picnics," she answered, peevishly; "and if papa gives one next year, I'll have nothing to do with it. I'm sure I wish I'd staid in Hawleigh and gone to see my poor people. I should have been much happier sitting by Mrs. Jones's wash-tub, or reading to Mrs. Brown while she mended her husband's stockings."

"If you speak like that I shall think I spoiled your pleasure by that egotistical talk in the boat."

She only shook her head and looked away from him at a distant curve of the river. There was an awkward sensation of semi-strangulation in her throat. For her very life she could not have answered him. Yes, it was a bitter disappointment to discover that he had flung away his heart before he came to Hawleigh; that he was a kind of widower, and pledged never to marry again.

"I am so sorry that I told you that story. Of course it was no fitting time. I was a brute not to have thought of that; but we so rarely have time for a confidential talk, and I have been so much interested in your work lately, so much pleased by your hearty manner of taking up a duty which I know did at first seem uncongenial to you, and I was anxious that we should be friends. Pray do not let the gloom of my past life weigh upon your spirits even for an hour. It was a most ill-advised confession. Try to forget that it was ever made."

Silence still, and the head turned obstinately toward the river. Was it temper, or compassion for another's woes more profound than he had dreamed of?

"Say, at least, that you forgive me for having depressed you."

Still no answer in words, but a hand stretched out toward his, a hand chill as death.

"Let me take you back to your friends," he said, alarmed by the cold touch of that little hand, which he clasped for a moment with a friendly pressure and then let fall. "I shall not forgive myself till I see you happy with the others."

She rose slowly and took the arm which he offered her. That choking sensation had been conquered by this time, and she was able to answer him quite calmly.

"Pray don't distress yourself about me," she said; "I am very glad that you told me your story—that you think me worthy of your confidence."

He took her back to the circle under the Beeches. Cups and saucers were being gathered up, the bustle of preparation for departure had begun. Wagonettes, omnibus, and dog-cart stood ready for the homeward journey, and the usual discussions and disputes as to the mode and manner of return were going on: elderly spinsters languishing to travel on the roof of the omnibus, and protesting their affection for the perfume of cigars; fastish young ladies pleading for the same privilege; and all the male kind thinly disguising the leaven of selfishness that was in them, and their desire to appropriate the roof to their own accommodation by an affected solicitude as to the hazard of cold-catching.

"We ought to have had a dance," grumbled Blanche; "it would have been the easiest thing in the world to bring a couple of men with a harp and a fiddle, but I suppose it would have been considered unclerical. It would have been so nice. We should have fancied ourselves fairies tripping lightly under the greenwood tree. I declare it seems quite a shame to go home so early, just when the air is pleasantest, and all the stars are beginning to peep out of their nests in the sky, as if we were a children's tea-party."

The fiat, however, had gone forth, the vehicles were ready, the fogyish element in the party eager to depart before dews began to fall, and toads, bats, owls, spiders, and other rustic horrors to pervade the scene; the juvenile population loath to go, yet eager for the excitement of the return journey, with all its opportunities for unlimited flirtation.

Fred Melvin was the proud proprietor of the dog-cart, a conveyance usually appropriated to the uses of his father—the family carriage, in short—which, if it had only possessed one of those removable American-oven tops popular in the rural districts, would have done duty for a brougham. Urged thereto by his sister, and with considerable reluctance, the young solicitor entreated Mr. Forde, who had come on the box of the omnibus, to accept a seat in his chariot—a variety in the mode of return being esteemed a privilege by the picnickers.

"Mr. Forde won't want to go back on the omnibus, I dare say, Fred," argued Laura Melvin. "You might as well offer him a seat in the dog-cart."

To which suggestion Frederick growled that he wanted no parsons, and that he was going to ask one of the Luttrell girls.

"You can ask one of the Misses Luttrell too, Fred. There'll only be you and me and Mr. Forde. Jenny's going home inside the omnibus. She has a touch of her neuralgia; and I don't wonder, poor girl, you've been flirting so shamefully with Blanche Luttrell. I wonder how a girl hardly out of pinafores can go on so."

So Fred went away to offer the vacant seats, first to Mr. Forde, with a reluctant politeness.

"You don't like too much smoke, I dare say, and those fellows on the 'bus will be smoking like so many factory chimneys every inch of the way. You'd better have your quiet cigar in my trap."

"You're very good. I don't like bad tobacco, certainly; and the odors I enjoyed coming were not by any means the perfumes of Arabia. But are you sure I shall not be in the way?"

"Oh, you won't be in the way. I am going to ask Lizzie Luttrell, and that 'll make up the four."

Mr. Forde winced at this familiar mention of the damsel in whom he had permitted himself to become interested; but that kind of familiarity is a natural attribute of brothers in their intercourse with their sisters' friends. "A different race, these provincial brothers, from the rest of mankind," Mr. Forde thought.

"I'm going to ask her," repeated Frederick, as he tightened the chestnut mare's kicking-strap, "but I don't suppose she'll come, unless her temper's undergone some improvement since I took her that cup of tea."

Elizabeth Luttrell drew nigh at this moment, in grave converse with a little silver-headed gentleman, the ancient banker of Hawleigh.

To Mr. Melvin's surprise, she accepted his offer with extreme graciousness.

"I like a dog-cart above all things," she said, "especially if I may sit behind. I do so like that sort of exciting sensation that one will be jerked off if the horse shies."

But against this Fred protested vehemently.

"You must sit next the driver," he said; "Laura can sit behind with Mr. Forde. Not that Bess ever shies, but you must have the post of honor."

"Then I'll go home in the omnibus," said Lizzie; "I know riding behind always makes Laura nervous."

Miss Melvin, pressed hard upon this point, acknowledged that the jerky sensation which was pleasant to Elizabeth's bolder spirit was eminently appalling to herself; so Elizabeth had her own way, and occupied the back seat of the dog-cart, with Mr. Forde by her side.

The journey back to Hawleigh was a ten-mile drive through west-country lanes, with tall tangled hedges that shut out the landscape, except for those privileged travelers on the roof of the omnibus. Only now and then did the dog-cart emerge from the shadow of hawthorn and woodbine, wild rose and wild apple, into the moon-lit open country; but the odor of those leafy lanes was sweet, and beyond them, far away in the soft silver light, spread fair hill-sides and wooded slopes, and brief flashes of winding river.

It only lasted an hour and a quarter, that homeward journey, the dog-cart keeping well ahead of the heavier vehicles, and Bess, the mare, performing the distance in so superior a manner as almost to justify that pride in her which was one of the chief articles of faith in the household code of the Melvins. Elizabeth would have thought better of the animal had she loitered a little on the way. Not often could she enjoy a moonlight *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Forde—for it was in vain that Fred interjected his trivial little remarks every now and then across Miss Luttrell's shoulder; not often had he unbent to her as he unbent to-night, talking to her as if she were verily in some measure a part of his inner life, and not a mere accident in the outer world around him. That confession of his past sorrows seemed really to have brought them a little closer together, and Elizabeth began to think there might indeed be such a thing as friendship between them; friendship that would brighten that dull round of district visiting, sweeten all her life, and yet leave her free to dream her favorite day-dream of a wealthy marriage in the days to come; a splendid position won suddenly by her beauty; a swift and easy transmigration to a land flowing with silks and laces and all kinds of Parisian millinery; a little heaven here below in the way of opera-boxes and Ascot and Goodwood and flower-shows and morning concerts; while Mr. Forde remained at liberty to fulfill that scheme of a monkish life which he had in his own quiet manner avowed to his more familiar friends of the district-visiting class.

"And perhaps some day, after I am married, he will really go to the South Sea Islands or the centre of Africa as a missionary," she thought, with a little regretful sigh; "and years afterward, when I am middle-aged and his hair is growing gray, he will come back to England as Bishop of Tonga Faboo, or some fearful place, and I shall hear him preach a charity sermon at a fashionable London church."

It seemed hardly worth her while to be sorry about so remote a contingency; but she could not help feeling a pang at the thought that this part of her vision was the most likely to be realized; that whether the hypothetical baronet, with thirty thousand a year, did or did not appear upon the narrow scene of her life, Malcolm Forde would spread his pinions and soar away to a wider field than this small provincial town.

The dog-cart arrived at the gate of Hawleigh Parsonage quite half an hour in advance of the other vehicles. It was past ten o'clock, and rare lights burned dimly in the upper casements of the houses that were scattered here and there along the high-road on this side of the town, the more exclusive and suburban quarter, adorned by the trim Gothic lodges of villas that half aspired to be country-seats. The Vicarage servants—Ann the sometime nurse and general factotum, Susan the cook, Rebecca the housemaid, and Jakes the man-of-all-work—were clustered at the gate, waiting to witness the return of the picnickers, as more sophisticated domestics might stand at gaze to see all the drags and wagonettes and hansom cabs of the famous Derby pilgrimage file slowly past Clapham Common.

"You'll come in, won't you, Laura?" said Elizabeth, who did not wish her evening to close abruptly with brief farewells at the gate. "Jakes can take care of your horse, Mr. Melvin. You'll wait for papa, won't you, Mr. Forde, and to say good-night to every one?"

"If you are sure that you are not tired, and would be glad to get rid of us and go in and rest," said Mr. Forde, doubtfully.

"I am not in the least tired. I feel more in the humor to begin a picnic than I did at one o'clock to-day. Why, in London fashionable people are only just beginning to go out to parties! We seem to cut off the best end of our lives in the country with our stupid humdrum habits. Don't you think the night is best, Mr. Forde?"

"For study, I admit."

"Oh, for pleasure, for every thing," cried Elizabeth, impatiently. "I feel another creature at night, out-of-doors, in summer moonlight like this. There is a kind of intoxication; one's soul seems to soar away into clearer air, into dream-land. What would dancing be like at eleven o'clock in the morning, or at three on a sultry afternoon? Why, it would seem perfect lunacy! But at night, with open windows, and the moonlight outside, and the scent of the flowers blowing in from the garden, it is simply rapture, because we are not quite the same people, you see, toward midnight. For my own part, on a summer evening I always feel as if I had wings." This in a rapid, excited tone, as if this particular moonlight had indeed produced an abnormal effect upon her spirits.

They had all strolled into the garden, Frederick having reluctantly committed the mare to the man-of-all-work. Mr. Forde was walking between the two young ladies, Miss Melvin feeling that it was mere foolishness to hope for any attention from a curate while Elizabeth ran on in that wild and almost disreputable way of hers, not in the least like a well-brought-up young lady. But then it was a well-known fact that the Luttrell girls had received only a desultory training—not the regular old-established boarding-school grinding; but sometimes a morning governess, and sometimes an interregnum of intermittent instruction from their father; sometimes masters for music and drawing, sometimes nothing at all. They were all clever girls, of course, said the genteel matrons of Hawleigh, or they could hardly have grown up as well as they had; but they had not enjoyed the advantages of the orthodox discipline for the youthful mind, and the consequences of this irregular education cropped up occasionally. The girls had read almost what they liked, and had stronger opinions than were becoming in a vicar's daughters.

To Laura Melvin's gratified surprise, Mr. Forde did not take any notice of Elizabeth's tirade about moonlight, but turned to her, Laura, and began to question her politely respecting her enjoyment of the day, while Fred, eager to snatch his opportunity, flew to Elizabeth.

"Didn't Bess do the ten miles well?" he asked, by way of a lively beginning, quite prepared to have his advances ill received.

But Elizabeth was still under the intoxication of the moonlight. She was a person of singularly variable spirits, and the sullen gloom that had come upon her after that interview in the boat had now changed to a reckless vivacity.

"The drive was delightful," she said. "I should like to scamper all over Devonshire and Cornwall in such a dog-cart, with just such a horse, stopping at all manner of wild places, and being benighted, and camping on the moors. What a mistake it is to live all one's life shut up between four walls, in the same place, with no more variety from year's end to year's end than a fortnight in sea-side lodgings! Oh, how I wish Providence had made me a gypsy, or a Bedouin Arab!"

"Awfully jolly, I should think, the Bedouins," replied Fred, doubtfully. "They tumble, don't they? I remember seeing some Bedouin tumblers at Vauxhall when I was a youngster, and was up in London with the paternal party. But those were all men and boys. I don't think the women tumbled; and *their* lives must have been uncommonly dull, shut up somewhere in London lodgings, while their husbands and brothers were performing, not being able to speak English, you know, poor creatures, or any thing."

"Oh, you stupid Fred!" cried Elizabeth, who sometimes deigned to address the young man in this familiar way. "As if I meant performing Arabs! I should like to be the daughter of some Arab chief in the Great Desert, with my own darling horse to carry me on the wings of the wind, and only a tent to live in, and locusts and honey for my dinner, like John the Baptist. I should like to be one of those nice brown-faced girls who go about the country with a van-load of mats and brooms. There seems something respectable in brooms. They would hardly send me to prison as a rogue and vagabond; and oh, how nice it must be never to stay very long in the same place!"

"And to have no friends and no home, and no books or piano, and to be of no particular use in the world; only always toiling more or less hopelessly for one's daily bread, and to die some day by the road-side of hard work and exposure to all kinds of weather," continued Mr. Forde, who had soon exhausted his little stock of civilities to Miss Melvin, and turned to listen to Elizabeth's random talk. "I'm afraid you must be very tired of us all, Miss Luttrell, when your soul yearns for the broom-girl life."

"Not so tired as you confess yourself to be of *us* when you contemplate converting the heathen," answered the girl, turning her back upon the hapless Frederick.

"It is not because I am tired of you that I think sometimes of a broader field and harder work," he answered, gravely, "but for quite a different reason—because I sometimes find my life here too easy, too pleasant—an enervating life, in short. It is not always wise for a man to trust himself to be happy."

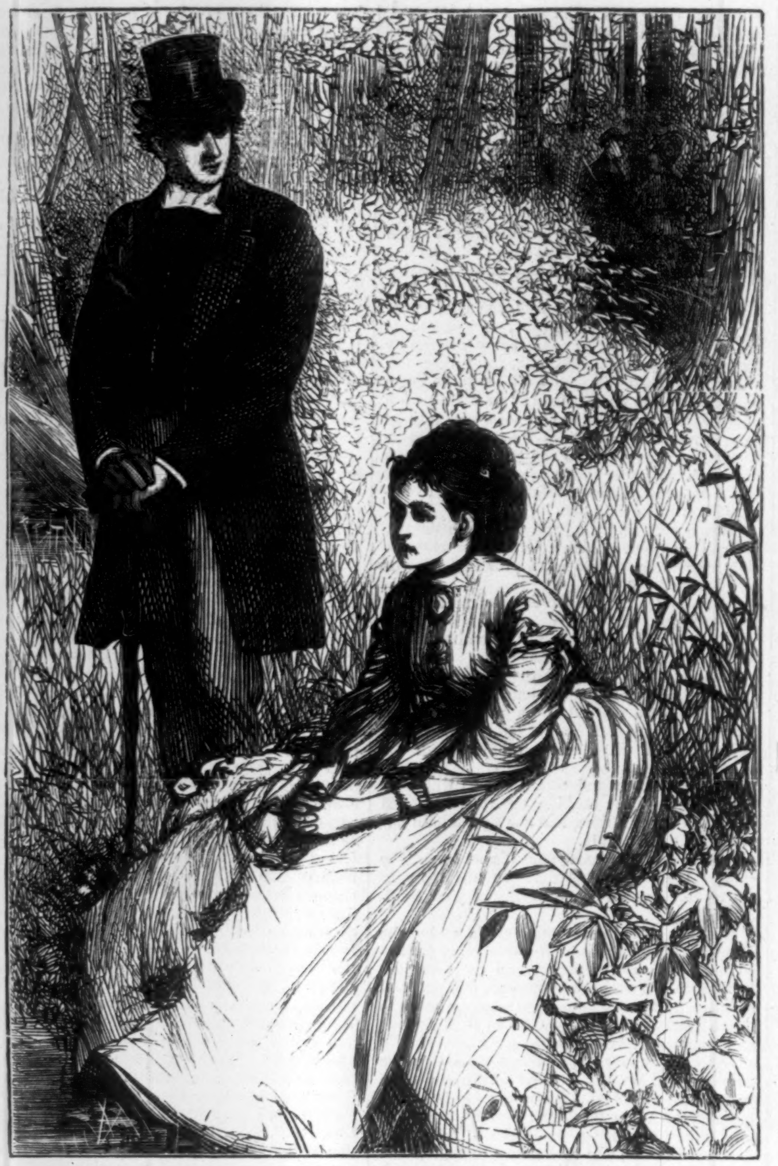
"I thought you had done with happiness, after—what you told me this afternoon," said Elizabeth, almost bitterly.

Her speech shocked him a little. He answered it in his coldest tones.

"With one kind of happiness, yes, and that, perhaps, the only perfect happiness in this world—companionship with a perfect woman."

"A very good way of reminding me that I'm an imperfect one," thought Elizabeth, not unconscious of deserving the implied rebuke.

They walked slowly round the garden in the moonlight, side by side, but somewhat silent after this, leaving Frederick to straggle in their rear with his sister, an ignominious mode of treat-



"ONLY A FRIEND."

ment which he inwardly resented. Nor was he sorry when the omnibus and wagonette drove up to the gate to release him from this humiliating position. He felt himself rehabilitated in his own self-esteem when Blanche, who really came next to Elizabeth in the scale of prettiness, skipped gayly up to him, telling him that she had had the dullest imaginable drive inside the omnibus, and that she had been dreadfully jealous of Lizzie, who of course had been having capital fun in the dog-cart.

"I don't know whether Forde is particularly good fun," Mr. Melvin replied, with a sulky air. "Your sister had *him* all to herself. There was no getting in a word edgeways. I think when a man as good as gives out from the pulpit that he never means to marry, he ought to give up flirting into the bargain."

"Oh, Fred, how shameful of you to say such a thing! As if Mr. Forde ever flirted!"

"I should like to know what he is doing now," grumbled Fred. "If that isn't the real thing, it's an uncommonly good imitation."

Elizabeth had taken up her favorite position by the sun-dial, and Malcolm Forde was standing by her, talking earnestly, or at least with an appearance of earnestness; and it is one of the misfortunes of youth that two persons of opposite sex can not converse for ten minutes with any shew of interest without raising suspicions of flirtation in the minds of beholders.

"Doesn't it seem absurd," exclaimed the aggrieved Frederick, "after all Elizabeth has said about never marrying a clergyman?"

"She's not obliged to marry Mr. Forde because she talks to him for five minutes, is she, you stupid creature?" cried Blanehe, disapproving this appearance of concern in her admirer—eligible young men were so rare at Hawleigh.

And now, after some consumption of claret-cup or sherry-and-soda among the elders in the low candle-lit drawing-room, and a little straggling flirtation among the juniors here and there about the garden, there came a general good-night, and Mr. Luttrell's guests dispersed, in carriages or on foot, to that gentleman's supreme contentment. This kind of thing was one of the penalties that went along with a flock of daughters.

"Thank Heaven, that's over," he said, with a faint groan, and in a tone of voice strangely different from the friendly warmth of his last farewell. "And now mind, I am not to be bothered about any more party-giving on this side of Christmas."

"I am sure I shouldn't care if there were never to be another party on the face of the earth," said Elizabeth, drearily. Whereby it might be supposed that, so far as the prettiest Miss Luttrell was concerned, the day's festivities had been a failure.

Blanche questioned her by-and-by up in their tower chamber—the ancient octagon room, with its deep-set casements and litter of girlish trifles, its bird-cages and book-shelves, and glove-boxes and scent-bottles—questioned her closely, but at the outset could extort very little from those firm proud lips.

"You know you were glad to have that drive home with him," said the girl, persistently. "You know you quarreled with him in the boat, and were miserable afterward. You know you are fond of him, Lizzie. What's the good of trying to hide it from me?"

"Fond of him!" cried Elizabeth, passionately. "Fond of a man who scarcely ever says a civil word to me! Fond of a man who, if he ever were to care for me—and he never will—would want to make me a district visitor or a female missionary! You ought to know me better, Blanche."

"I know you are fond of him," the girl repeated, resolutely. "Why, you've changed your very nature for his sake! As if we didn't all of us know the influence that has made you take up Gertrude's work!"

Elizabeth burst out laughing.

"Perhaps I wanted to take the shine out of Gertrude's supernal virtues," she said. "Perhaps I wanted to show him that I was just as well able to do that kind of thing as his Hawleigh saints, who call it their vocation—that I was able to make the poor people love me, which very few of his saints can manage."

"Upon my word, Lizzie, I'm afraid you're very wicked," exclaimed Blanche, staring at her sister with an awed look.

Elizabeth was sitting on the edge of the low French bed, her brown hair falling round her like a sombre drapery, her eyes fixed with a dreamy look, a half-mischievous, half-triumphant smile upon her lips.

"I'm afraid you're right," she said, with a sudden burst of candor. "I feel intensely wicked at this moment. Can you guess what I should like to do, Blanche?"

"Not I. You are the most unfathomable girl in creation."

"I should like to bring that man to my feet, to make him as deeply in love with me as—as ever any miserable slavish woman was with a man who did not love her, and then spurn him; fool him to the top of his bent, Blanche; and when I had become the very apple of his eye——perhaps while he was deliberating in his slow dull soul as to whether he should make an election between me and the conversion of the South Sea Islanders—astonish him some fine morning by announcing my engagement with somebody a little better worth marrying. He would have his South Sea Islanders left to console him."

She flung the cloud of hair back from her face impatiently, with a bitter little laugh and a downward glance of the dark eyes, as if she did indeed see Malcolm Forde at her feet, and were scorning him.

Blanche gazed at her with unmitigated horror.

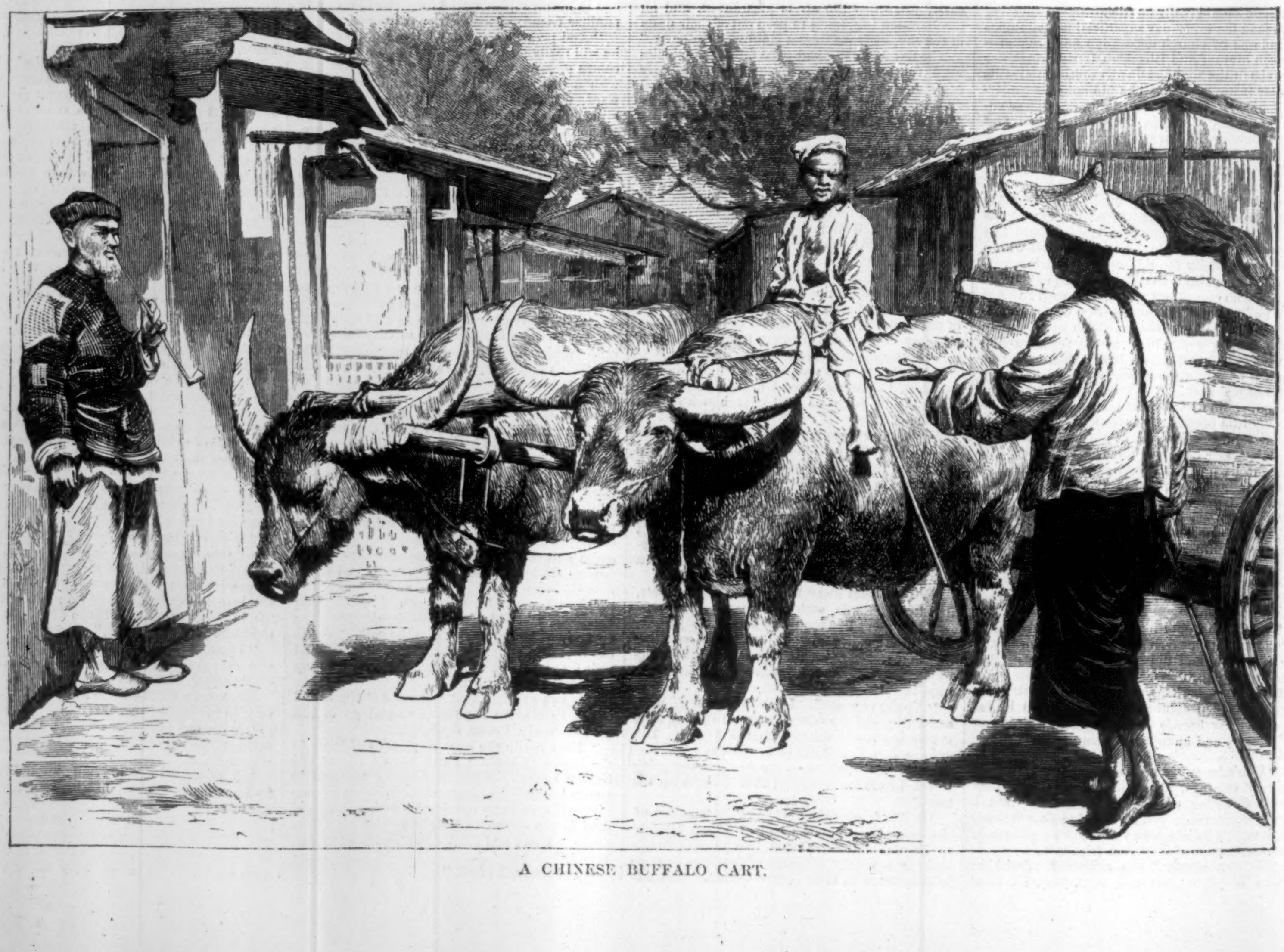
"Goodness gracious, Lizzie! What can put such dreadful ideas into your head? What has Malcolm Forde done to make you so savage?"

"What has he done? Oh, nothing, I suppose," half hysterically. "But I should like to punish him for all he has made me suffer to-day."

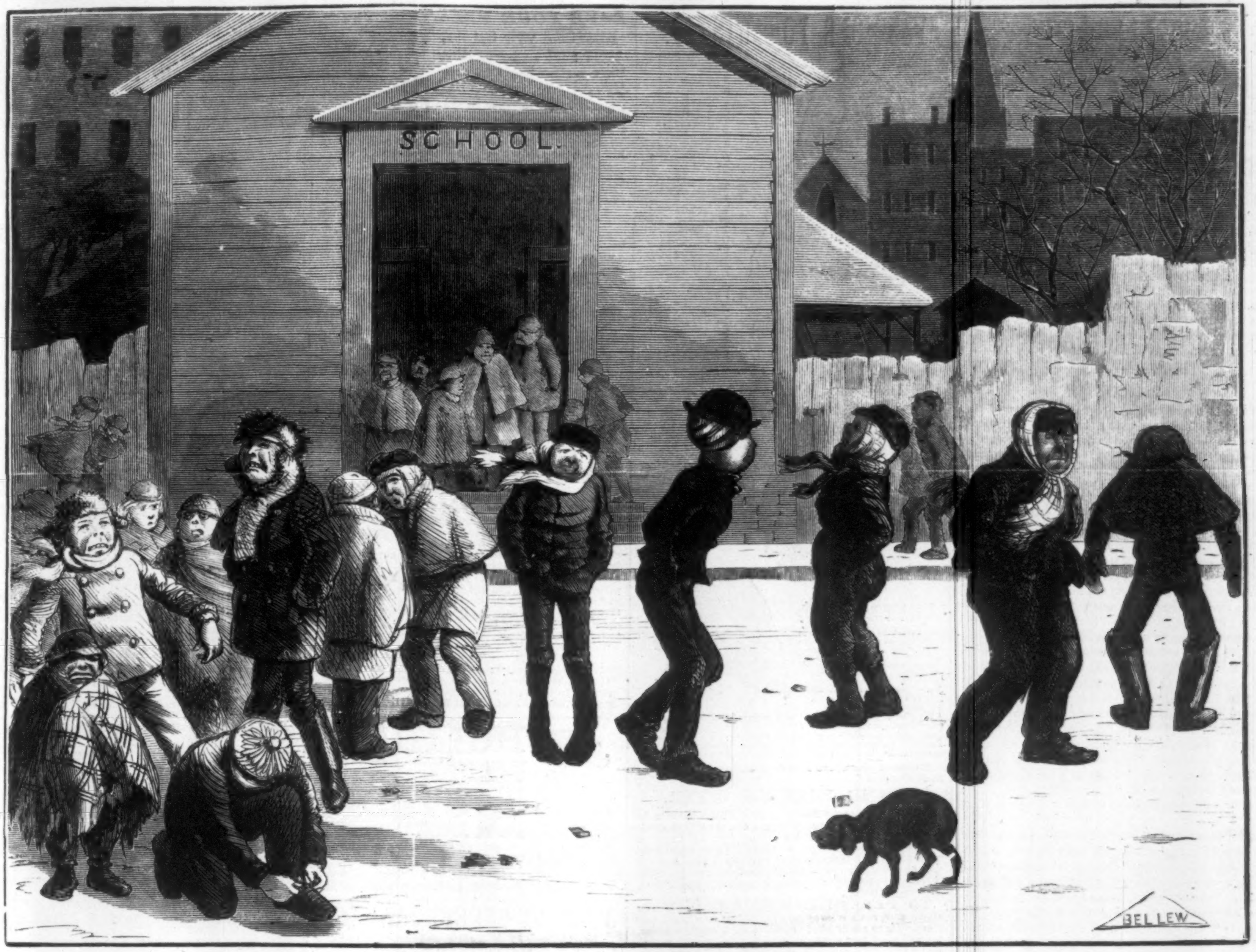
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A CHINESE BUFFALO CART.

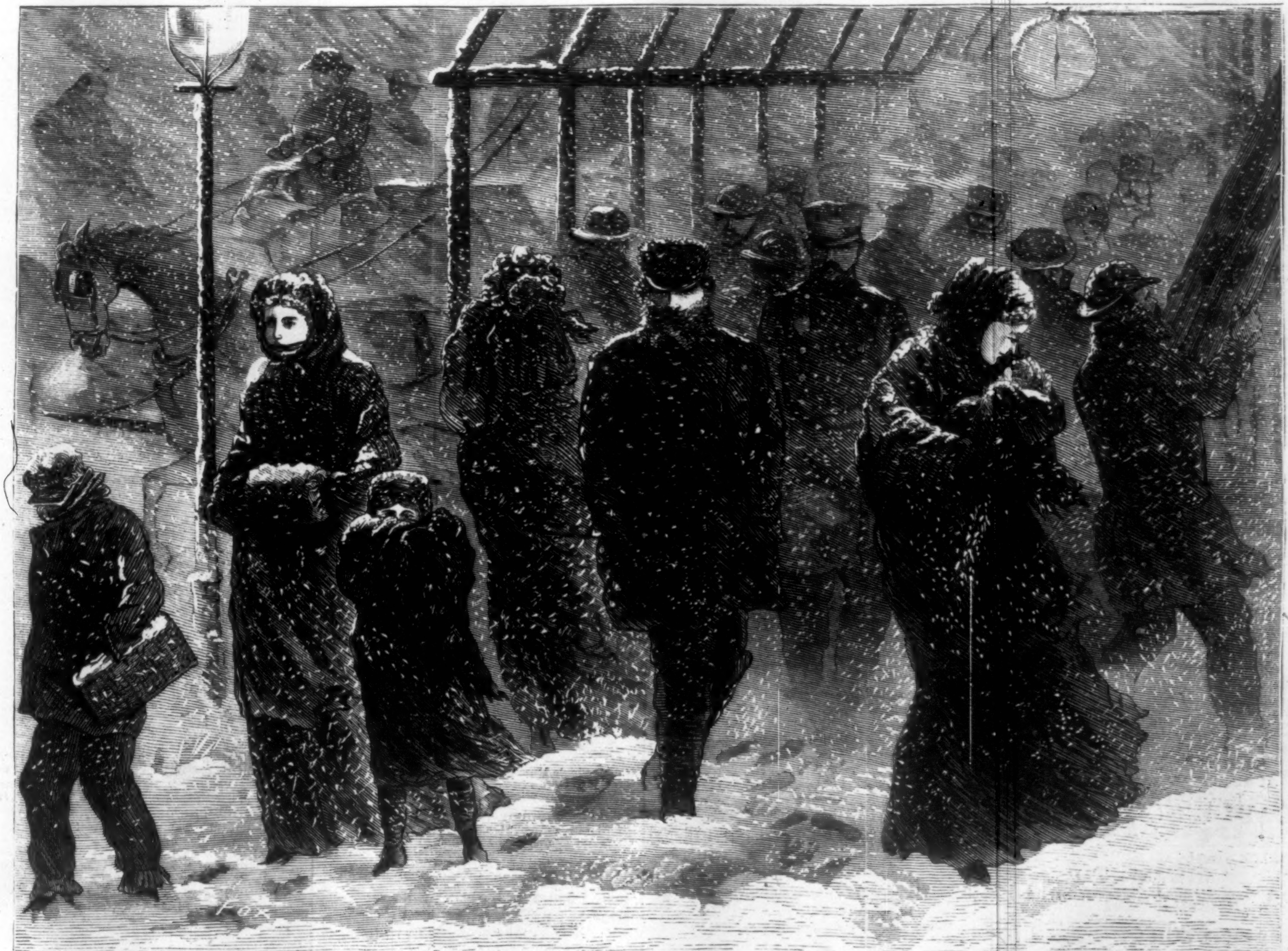
THE large black water buffalo is one of the most thoroughly domesticated animals of the south of China. It is also used in the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, in Siam, Cambodia, Cochin China, as well as Southern China, as a draught animal, yoked to the largest plows and heaviest carts, in places where the tough soil and bad roads would defy the efforts of a smaller or less powerful animal. The buffalo, though of great strength, and possessing in its horns formidable weapons of defense, is docile and easily managed, and is frequently led to and from its work by the youngest children of the farmer. It is, however, timid, and easily frightened by strangers, or by the sudden appearance of a red cloth. It delights in water, particularly if thick and muddy, as the mud when dry affords protection from the attack of mosquitoes.



A CHINESE BUFFALO CART.


SCHOOL.
BELLEW

SNOW IN THE COUNTRY—AT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE DOOR.



SNOW IN THE CITY—NO CARS RUNNING.—DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 86.]

## SNOW IN THE CITY.

WHEN poets chant the praises of "beautiful snow," it must be taken for granted that they mean snow in the country, where it may lie for weeks as pure and white as it descended from the clouds, and where the merry music of sleigh-bells enlivens all the air. But there is neither poetry nor romance about snow in a great city like New York; nothing but discomfort to all, and dreary suffering to the poor. When it falls in such a quantity as to impede travel; when the cars run only at long intervals, and perhaps stop altogether for hours, and thousands of poor people, men, women, and children, have to tramp homeward from their work, it may be for miles, thinly shod and scantily clad; when our streets present such scenes as the one depicted in the sketch by Mr. STANLEY FOX, on page 85, we can realize the terrors of winter, and sympathize with the poor man who, in response to a wish that it might rain and melt the snow, exclaimed, "*Rain!* I wish 'twould pour b'ilin' hot water for a week!"

## DIAMONDS.

There is a curious reminiscence for lovers of the Diamond, in the story which has come down to us from the last century, of the first discoverer of the Brazilian Diamond fields. This was one BERNARDO FONSECA LOBO, a man of an old Portuguese family (the same name is borne by the present Portuguese Envoy at Washington) who lived in the Brazilian province of Minas Geraes. He had previously traveled in Portuguese India, where he had seen rough diamonds, and learned to know them when he saw them. LOBO found the gold-seekers of Brazil using certain pebbles carelessly, as counters in card playing. He knew them at once to be rough Diamonds, and took them to Lisbon, where the discovery was confirmed. At once the European Diamond brokers and traders took the alarm. The new Diamonds would destroy the value, they exclaimed, of the old stock. So they put about a story that these Brazilian Diamonds were poor Diamonds from India, sent to Brazil, and from Brazil to Europe. In 1750, an Englishman wrote a treatise to prove this. The Brazilian Diamonds were thus at first shut out of the market. But LOBO was too clever for his foes. He took his Diamonds out to India, and at Goa sold them as Indian Diamonds. This may seem a little extraordinary to us now, when the difference between the Diamonds of Brazil and of India is so well known. If one goes into the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), where the choicer varieties of the old Indian Diamond and the Brazilian may be seen in juxtaposition with the new African Diamonds, he will wonder as much at the notion of their being confounded with each other as at a man's mistaking Chambertin for Chateau Lafitte, or Persian silk for Chinese, or the Bartlett pear for the Duchesse. All Diamonds are valuable. Why all Diamonds are not equally valuable, is a thing easily to be learned, and for Diamond buyers worth learning.—[*Com.*]

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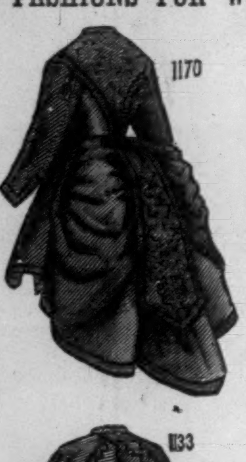

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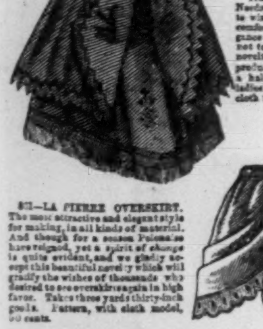
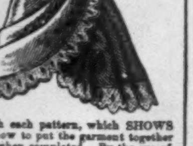


1133—DOLMA CLOAK. Needs no lengthy description to win universal favor. For comfort, neatness, and elegance combined, its equal is not to be found among the novelties of this winter's productions. Takes two and a half yards double-fold ladies' cloth. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.



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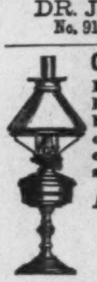

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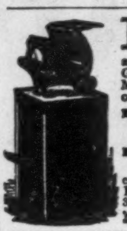

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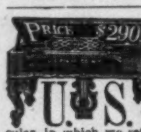

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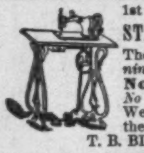

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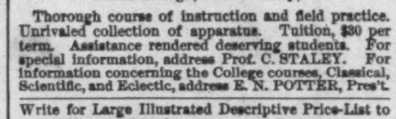

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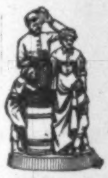

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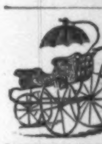

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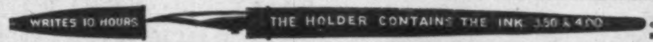
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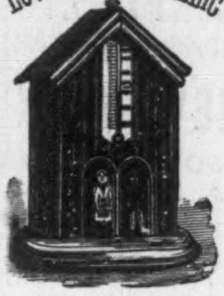

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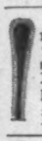

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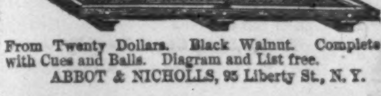

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## NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
## FOR FEBRUARY, 1873.

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